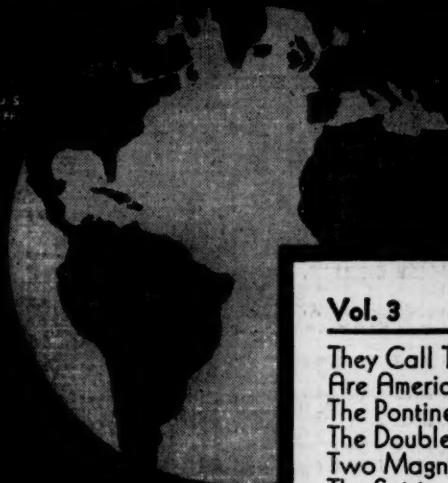


Catholic Digest

REG. U. S.
PAT. OFF.



Vol. 3

AUGUST, 1939

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

We were not following after fables cunningly devised, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . We have the word of prophecy, firmer still, whereto ye do well to give heed, as to a lamp shining in a darksome place, till the day break and the morning star arise in your hearts.

Lesson of the Mass of the Transfiguration.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Catholic Digest

VOL. 3

AUGUST, 1939

NO. 10

They Call Them Madmen

But there's method in it

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from *Columbia**

Not long ago, a dozen Catholic laymen went by invitation to a Protestant church in a large American city and for three hours answered the questions of 130 separated brethren who wanted to know something about the faith of their fathers. Behind that incident is a story.

It began about three years ago with an evening apparently frittered away by a young priest and a slightly younger newspaperman. The priest got to talking about how much time he spent instructing prospective converts. The newspaperman suddenly interposed, "You'd better spend some of that time instructing Catholics!" Then he warmed up to his theme. The result was a meeting a week later. Present were half a dozen young folk, rounded up by almost every persuasion short of force. Two were non-Catholics.

The thing just grew. There were no

rules, officers, dues or membership drives. Each week there were some new faces, and usually some of the old faces were missing. For six months or more, the number hovered around eight or ten or twelve.

Catholicism began to permeate them, to color their daily lives, to influence their words and actions. From somewhere or from nowhere, recruits came.

Each meeting was a free-for-all. Often everybody was shouting at once. There was little formal politeness, a great deal of frankness. People came and went. Nobody asked their names when they arrived and nobody noticed when they left.

From the beginning, the first task was plain. It was to make Catholics Catholic. They came spouting indifferentism, modernism, subjectivism, paganism, pantheism and what-have-you. And the more infected they were

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. June, 1939.

with outlandish "isms," the more vociferous they were in their protestations of orthodox Catholicism. They were ready to march to the stake for their faith—but they had the weirdest notions about what the faith was. Invariably they were highly insulted when their doctrines were questioned. But they went home and thought it over, and usually they came back.

For a while, every meeting was one long, loud argument, with the newspaperman doing the heckling, and the priest sitting smiling in a corner, waiting to be appealed to for a final decision. Usually he was able by separating the wheat from the chaff to define the truth and re-establish the reign of peace.

The virtue of the method lay in this: the debates aroused controversial instincts and sent members home muttering in their beards, determined to find authorities to bolster their arguments. The result was a sudden storm of theological, catechetical and apologetic reading, with corresponding neglect of the trashy novels and magazines that had previously been the diet. The members started buying books. They gave Catholic books for Christmas and birthday presents. They subscribed to Catholic magazines and newspapers. All this without any urging; simply because they were intrigued.

The pastor got into it. He opened a room in the crypt, with comfortable modern furniture, ash trays, shelves.

He made it attractive. He installed a library, donating books of his own. He piled the table with Catholic periodicals. The room became a parish intellectual center.

Inevitably, families were influenced. Members gleefully trapped their parents, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles in dogmatic error. Arguments begun at meetings were carried into homes. Parents found themselves poring over books on religion, storing ammunition with which to defend themselves against the wild young Christians in their midst.

Gradually the hurricane quieted. Meetings became so orderly that at times only two or three were talking at once. Members with special enthusiasms prepared reports on lives of saints, or on meanings of dogmas. The others heard them politely through, and then tore their statements to shreds.

When the number reached 30, 40, even 50, the class was too large. The danger was recognized. But what to do about it? The problem solved itself. An accountant led a schism. He said there ought to be a system, method, in a study club. He started one of his own, which was promptly dubbed "The Schismatics." Those who liked order followed him.

Hardly anything was planned. But things happened. On free nights members drifted to a House of Hospitality affiliated with the Catholic Workers. They got into the corporal works of

mercy. Soon they were coming to meetings accompanied by Catholic Workers who wanted a night off for thinking.

The accountant reorganized the House of Hospitality; went after people with money; took some of the load of providing off the weary shoulders of St. Joseph. Another study club member started a workshop; another a class in cooking and sewing; another something else. Soon it got so you couldn't tell a Worker from a Study Clubber, and vice versa.

Instinctively, all realized that their opportunity lay in their own environments. Before they ever heard of the word *milieu* (they can't pronounce the word even yet) they were beginning to till their own fields, to labor for souls among their day-by-day associates.

A young engineer from one of the greatest electrical concerns in the world came to his first meeting with a headful of errors and a heartful of apologies for being a Catholic. In a few weeks he brought a companion. Soon he was filling his automobile with recruits every week. He got his teeth into the Spanish situation. He seethed at newspaper reports; took to writing letters, which were published. He became a bias-hawk. At Christmas, he drove across several states for a vacation at home. He found his mother leaning toward the Loyalists.

When he returned, he bombarded her with books. She read. She acted.

She got into her automobile, God bless her, and toured her end of the state, stirring up Catholic women's organizations. When she had done, these groups had bought books on Spain and placed them in their home-town public libraries. These women decided that if people were uninformed or misinformed about Spain, perhaps they were off center on other matters. They inaugurated a program of donating to public libraries the best Catholic books on all subjects. The libraries were glad to accept.

A girl in the club has a mother who is a social and civic worker. Among her acquaintances is a Negro of high intelligence, a leader among his people. The girl and her mother discussed the Church with him. Finally the girl suggested that he write out his objections.

She brought the result to the study club. Club members prepared answers, and one entire evening was devoted to a conference with the Negro. He went away with fewer misconceptions than when he came, and under his arm Lunn's *Saint in the Slave Trade*. If he can resist St. Peter Claver, he's a good resister.

Then there is the member (call him Mr. Funn) who went to a convention, and became the companion of a lax Catholic and his wife. Mr. Funn, when not having fun, was talking Catholicism or going to church. The wife couldn't understand it. She had been reared in a puritanical Protestant house-

hold. She couldn't reconcile merriment and faith, until Mr. Funn explained that they were inseparable, providing they were the right kind of merriment and the right faith. But Mr. Funn's merriment vanished when he heard that his friends' two sons were not baptized.

He attributes it to prayers he said later; whatever the cause, he received a letter six months after the convention, announcing that the boys had been baptized. Perhaps he will never see the boys; they live half the continent distant; no matter, he calls them proudly his godsons, and considers them his most important apology for his own existence to date.

So it goes. There is a Madman, or rather a Madwoman, conducting a kindergarten for Negro children in the slums. Another is coaching Negro boys in sports. Others take turns making speeches to a Blessed Martin League organized by Catholic Workers among Negro children and adults, chiefly non-Catholics.

The Schismatics soon perished; because (say the Madmen) they were far too solemn. No matter, they were not lost. Some drifted back to the Madmen. Others went elsewhere. Steadier than the Madmen, if less exciting, they are doing some of the most effective practical work.

One of the Schismatics has become a recognized city authority on the transient problem. He is consulted by

social workers of all faiths. Others are in confraternity work. To estimate all the fruits of the club is impossible. Marriages have been straightened out, new mixed marriages prevented, drifters brought back to the sacraments. The one thing the Madmen won't discuss is their own spiritual progress. But you can see them receiving Communion; visiting the blessed Sacrament at off hours, making the stations. They read with incredible avidity. They have discovered Catholic writing, and dollars that once went for popular magazines or sexy best-sellers are going for books about faith or for lives of the saints. The climax, of course, was the excursion into the Protestant church, one of the most prominent in the city, whence they were invited to explain Catholic doctrine. Most of the questions were about Confession. An elderly man reacted. He said confessions should be made directly to God.

A Madman suggested that they follow that theory to its logical conclusion. He explained, "My point is this. If you can eliminate one sacrament, why not eliminate all? If we are all priests, as you have said, why have churches? And why go to the expense of supporting ministers—and in the case of Protestants, their families?"

Fortunately, the leader was a tactful man. With great skill he changed the subject. It was not until later that the Madmen were told that the elderly objector was the pastor of the church!

Are Americans Hypocrites?

A little less than Hitler

By PAUL HANLY FURFEY

Condensed from the *Dove**

There is something to be said for Hitler, after all. He is obviously a villain, but he isn't a hypocrite. His treatment of the Jews is outrageous, but he never claimed that Jews enjoy the equal protection of the German laws. The shame of the Nazis' Germany is visible to all the world; at least they don't make things worse by a ridiculous and canting hypocrisy.

I wish we could say as much for the U. S. A. It is too bad that we can't; we don't mitigate our vicious treatment of the Negro by the saving virtue of frankness. Our attitude towards the Negro is every bit as outrageous as the Nazi attitude towards the Jews. It is too bad that we insist on making matters worse by our straight-faced cant about democracy, freedom, and equality before the law.

Take the question of education, for example. We boast of our great system of public and parochial schools and we claim that in this land of freedom any child with ambition can get an education to the limit of his ability. In those states keeping separate schools for the two races, according to McCuistion's study, the average per capita expenditure was almost four times as large in the case of the white children as in the case of the Negroes. In some states the

discrepancy is even more shocking. South Carolina spent \$52.89 in 1930 for the education of each white child and only \$5.20 for the education of each colored child.

We like to think of America as a land of opportunity. We like to feel that birth is no bar to economic success, but the Negro knows that it is very difficult for him to get a decent job, particularly difficult in some sections of the country. He is excluded altogether from the more remunerative positions. He is paid less than his white fellow workmen on the same job. Even the labor unions, whose purpose is to secure fair and equitable working conditions, sometimes exclude the Negro from membership.

On the field of Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln spoke of our nation as one "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." That is to say, that all men are to be considered as equal in the eyes of the law, whatever may be their individual differences in other respects. This is the American ideal, but does it, after all, mean very much to the Negro? Throughout large sections of our country, Negroes are refused the privilege of voting, or else the privilege is granted only in rare instances to those who

are known to be obsequious towards whites. This denial of citizenship rights means that in their dealings with the state, Negroes will receive unfair and unequal treatment. It means that they will receive less than their fair share of municipal services. The streets in which they live will be poorly paved, poorly lighted, and poorly policed. They will be treated with less than justice whenever they come into contact with the government.

Particularly galling is the unequal treatment which the Negro receives before the law. On the Supreme Court Building in Washington we have dared to write in large letters, Equal Justice Under Law. The justices of the Supreme Court must smile when they see those words; for who is a big enough fool to imagine that race makes no difference in our courts? If

there be any such, let him read McCord's study in which it was proved that Negro defendants convicted of a given crime receive a sentence on the average one-third longer than the white man convicted of the same offense.

What are we going to do about these conditions? The first step would be to throw off our mask of hypocrisy. Let us say quite frankly that we don't believe that the Negro should be given an equal chance to earn a living. Let us admit that equal educational opportunity is for whites only. Let us stop quoting the Gettysburg Address since we have already renounced it in practice. Let us chisel away the motto on our Supreme Court Building and admit that equal justice is not for the colored race. Let us admit these facts. Then we may boast of being on the same level of civilization as Hitler.



In Mary's Honor

Paris has 50 churches dedicated to our Lady, scattered about the metropolis like the 50 beads of the rosary, remarks a French priest who has just published a book on these churches.

Their full titles if placed in order would form a litany to our Lady. Starting with the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris, there are such dedications as Our Lady of All Graces, Our Lady of Salvation, Our Lady of Pity, Our Lady of Calvary, Our Lady of Mirth, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of La Salette.

Others have local dedications, such as Holy Mary of the Valleys and Holy Mary of the Flowers. Others have modern titles, such as Our Lady of Peace, Our Lady of the Way and Our Lady of the Cinema. Our Lady of the Way was built by French road scouts for a poor district of Paris, and that of Our Lady of the Cinema is at Joinville-le-Pont, the French Hollywood.

The Pontine Marshes

Achieving the impossible

By GEORGE GILLSON

Condensed from the *Dove**

The Pontine marshes were once a rich district dotted with prosperous cities. As early as the time of the Roman Republic the lowering of the coastal level was causing the blocking of the outlets of the rivers and the gradual formation of marshes. Ninfa, "the Pompeii of the Marshes," was the last city to succumb. One of the ruined towers is still to be seen where, for centuries, it rose a bleak sentinel in the surrounding swamps.

So ancient are the records of the Pontine marshes that they are lost in the mist of legend. Homer narrates that Ulysses visited Lestrigonia, the modern Terracina, situated on the most southerly border of the marshes.

The marshes covered a vast plain extending from the Tyrrhenian Sea to a range of mountains including the Volscian, Ansoni and Lepini ranges. These pestilent swamps extended to within about 40 miles of the present Castel Gondolfo, the beautiful summer estate of the Pope overlooking Lake Albano. Their proximity to Rome and the fact that from time immemorial they have been a breeding place for malaria are the origin of the term Roman fever. This scourge has caused the death of numerous Pontiffs in the Lateran Palace and has exacted a toll of countless

thousands among the poor of Rome.

The first notable attempt to drain the marshes was made in 162 B. C. during the Roman Republic under the consul, Cornelio Cetego. During the long period of wars that followed, the Pontine lands remained abandoned and the waters made further inroads.

It remained for Julius Caesar, the greatest engineer of ancient Rome, to conceive a plan to reclaim hundreds of thousands of acres of farm land and also to free from inundation the Appian Way, the famous road traversing the swamps to the sea. Caesar's untimely assassination ended the enterprise. The Emperor Traiano raised the level of the Appian Way, paving it with great blocks of stone. He built bridges and fine public buildings along the way. This involved the reclamation of considerable swamp areas. Emperor Teodorico reclaimed areas near Terracina. Then followed the dark ages when all the works in the Pontine marshes were allowed to sink into complete neglect.

Charlemagne endowed the Papal See with vast dominions. In these dominions were included the Pontine marshes. Early Popes conceived the plan of draining the marshes, but they were constrained to devote their ener-

gies to maintaining order and to defending the Papal States against the arrogant pretensions of feudal lords.

Pope Boniface VIII was at last able to resume the work of the Roman emperors and ordered the digging of a ditch to carry off waters in the territory of Sermoneta. Martin V attempted to carry out his plans. In 1514 the brilliant Pope Leo X charged his brother, Juliano de Medici, with solving the problem of the marshes. Happily, Juliano intrusted the execution to the versatile Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest engineer of the era. A map drawn by Leonardo, showing his projected canals, is to be seen in the collection at Windsor. The great Leonardo could not be spared from the works of art so dear to the Medici Pope, and the actual execution of the drainage was left to the geometrician Scotti. Large areas were actually reclaimed for cultivation in the vicinity of Terracina.

Under the pontificates of Innocent XI and Innocent XII considerable progress was made. In 1699 the latter confided the work to a Hollander, Cornelius Meyer, and after his death, to his son, Ottone Meyer. Besides the physical difficulties encountered, the Popes were constantly met with legal actions by various landowners, many of them powerful.

In 1810, during his occupation of Italy, Napoleon named a commission of distinguished engineers to complete the work of Pius VI. The studies of

the commission were afterwards published in Paris in 1818 by de Prony, named by Napoleon as its president.

During all the early attempts to dry the marshes, canals were dug to drain certain desired areas and these canals were emptied into either the Ninfa River or the Sisto River. No thought was taken whether the rivers could carry a greater burden or whether new areas would be flooded in the lands below sea level. It remained for Premier Mussolini to finally conquer the Pontine marshes.

For the first time, the problem of draining the swamps was attacked as a whole. Canals were dug along the boundaries of the district at the foot of the mountains to divert the "high" or extraneous waters. Canals were also utilized to carry off the "middle" waters from the lands barely above sea level. Other canals were provided to carry off the "low" waters. Finally, 12 hydraulic plants were built to pump the water from fever-breeding areas below sea level into canals sufficiently elevated to permit the flow of the waters into the sea. The greatest of these hydraulic plants is that of Mazzocchio. Inaugurated by Il Duce in 1934, this plant has seven huge electric pumps, the most perfect of their kind known at the time of their installation. The plant of Mazzocchio efficiently drains about 22,000 acres.

To one motoring on the excellent roads of the Agro Pontino, a magic

wand appears to have been waved over the land. The dark and miserable conical huts that sheltered the poor nomads have gone with the marshes. Solid concrete farmhouses of five or six large, well-lighted rooms dot the landscape.

Wheat, fruits and sugar beets are among the principal crops. Fine strains of foreign stock have been imported to improve the cattle. Beet sugar factories have been erected. The 2,600 completed farms have been allotted to colonists selected from the excess rural population. This policy retards the drift to the cities, a problem in many countries, and also results in competent agriculturists taking up the land.

For every 25,000 to 50,000 acres of land a rural community is created. The larger towns are named Littoria, Sabaudia, Pontinia and Aprilia. Il Duce has always in mind the raising of the standards of living in Italy, and each community has its well-equipped schools, community center, and other civic buildings. In the center of each town is a handsome church of simple lines and austere architecture.

Italy is a Catholic country and only the Roman Catholic religion is officially recognized. Other religions are liberally tolerated. As an instance, the Methodist College was suffered to be built upon an ostentatious site in Rome. The Jewish religion is likewise tolerated. The Fascists explain the recent anti-

Jewish legislation on purely racial and economic grounds. They claim that legislative action was only precipitated by continued misrepresentation of Italy in the alleged Jewish controlled press of America.

Naturally, the churches in the Agro Pontino are Catholic churches. They were built at government expense and were turned over to the Church authorities fully completed. Severely simple in architecture, but one of the most beautiful of these churches is Santa Annunziata in Sabaudia. This city was given its name in honor of the reigning House of Savoy. The king and queen graciously built, at their own expense, a lovely chapel for this church.

Passing from stately churches to recreational centers and on to the modern maternity hospital in Littoria, it seems as though little were overlooked in this model colony. In each town is a communal center where the colonists vote for the members of the Fascist Council who govern Italy under the leadership of Il Duce.

For 2,000 years emperors and Popes sought to conquer the pestilent swamps. Three master builders, Caesar, Leo X and Napoleon, failed. The day of modern engineering and hydro-electric power had not yet arrived. It remained for Premier Mussolini, with the dedication of the last new colony of Aprilia, to realize their dream.

The Double Cross of Gold

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Condensed from the New York *Herald-Tribune**

At the end of a long article, Luis Araquistain, former Loyalist Spanish Ambassador to France, gives these paragraphs:

"At the end of the war, the Republic, people and army (tired of keeping up a war that had been virtually lost long before, and the continuation of which benefited only Russia) rose against Negrin and compelled him to flee by air to France. But what about the treasure? It is not for nothing that the Communists, which is to say Moscow, declared the Madrid Junta to be rebellious. It was necessary to defend the remnants of Spain's treasure.

"According to a communication dated Feb. 10, 1937, from the Spanish Republic's Ambassador in Moscow, Barcelino Pasqua, the amount deposited in Russia was 510,079,529 grams of gold (\$573,989,115 at \$35 an ounce).

"How much of it remains? Mystery. About this gold, Stalin knows a lot more than we, the Spaniards, do."

This confirms General Krivitsky's account in the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 15, where he said, describing the Spanish gold: "We were walking across the huge Red Square. He pointed to the area of several acres surrounding us, and said: 'If all the boxes of gold that we piled up in the Odessa

yards were laid side by side here in the Red Square, they would cover it from end to end.'

What did happen to this \$573,989,115? According to General Krivitsky, Stalin has this Spanish money in Moscow. Krivitsky did not know the amount. He estimated that it was huge. Araquistain definitely states the amount. Our eyes are now opened to the biggest robbery in history.

Here then, is an amazing picture. The idealistic Socialists, who labor only for humanity, go into a country to help it and walk off with its treasure. The Communists, who have been collecting pennies and dimes for Spain on the street corners of New York City, never told us that they had a Spanish treasure worth half a billion dollars. We did not know that Spain had that much gold on hand, for who looks up such things when asked for a dime for a starving child?

We were never told that, just as there has been no public audit of the huge amounts collected in this country for the Spanish Revolution, for Spanish children, for feeding the Spanish civilian population, for the care of American veterans of the Spanish wars. Somewhere there has been a shameful double cross—a double cross of gold.

*New York City. June 19, 1939.

Two Magnificent Failures

But no one else has succeeded

By J. J. BRODRICK, S.J.

Condensed from the *Tablet**

It is not possible to identify their graves, but here they lie where they fain would be, forgotten and content, in the little mosque of the great Moorish palace which now houses the blessed Sacrament. Not one in 10,000 will ever have heard of Father Nicholas Cleynaerds or Father Balthasar Loyola Mendez. They both died young, a very long time ago, with their promise of converting Islam unfulfilled. But the charity remains, the urgent, passionate charity of St. Francis for "his brothers the Saracens," or of St. Francis's great son, the Don Quixote of God, Ramon Lull, who charged so many windmills on behalf of his Moors, and then sailed away at the age of 82 to die under their scimitars.

Father Cleynaerds was born in Flanders in 1493, the same year as Ignatius Loyola, who was himself to look so wistfully throughout his busy life towards the lands where the Crescent floated. Nicholas was a professor of Latin, Greek and Hebrew at the University of Louvain when he was only 24. A Greek grammar which he published ran into more than 300 editions and maintained its popularity for two centuries. But Hebrew was the study of his choice. Pursuing it, he came upon many Arabic words which

kindled in him a great desire to know that language also. But the University of Louvain, in common with the rest of Europe, detested Islam too heartily to tolerate an Arabic dictionary or grammar within its precincts. What would Christians be doing with such things when the hordes of Mahound already occupied Buda and menaced Vienna? Nothing daunted, the young professor set about learning Arabic inductively, with the sole aid of a polyglot psalter, containing the psalms in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean and Arabic. For a beginning he chose the fierce *Psalm 82*, which is rich in the names of Israel's enemies. Letter by letter the alphabet grew, and then he learned to distinguish nouns from verbs, and to master the elements of the syntax. Finally he compiled himself a short lexicon and skeleton grammar of the language.

In Europe of that day dreams of vengeance on the Moslems were understandable enough, but already in Father Cleynaerds' heart a different dream was shaping. He would preach a new sort of crusade and found a new order of Christian chivalry with Arabic for its sword and the souls of Saracens for its prize.

But first he must perfect himself in

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. June 3-10, 1939.

the Saracens' tongue and sacred lore, so he journeyed to Salamanca. He had been informed, quite inaccurately, that a chair of Arabic studies existed at the university there. His reputation as a linguist and humanist had preceded him, with the consequence that the King of Portugal invited him to Evora as tutor to his young brother, Cardinal Henry. While at court he devoted all his spare time to the study of Arabic under the guidance of an educated Moorish slave, and became so extraordinarily proficient that Salamanca, hearing the news, offered to make the mythical chair a reality and install him comfortably in it. But he wanted to go on learning rather than to teach, and declined the tempting proposition.

He left Portugal accompanied by three Ethiopian slave boys, Michael, Anthony, and Sebastian, whom he had purchased out of his savings with the idea of preparing them for the priesthood. Their faces were as black as his coat, but no color bar existed for this Pauline soul who already, in 1537, had conceived the project of a native clergy for Africa. His chief ambition at this time was to have a Moor always by his side from whom he might learn to think Moorishly. He would identify himself as far as he possibly could with the people whose souls he hungered to save. But Moors were not abundant in Spain, and he had a long hunt before tracking one to the household of Don Luis Mendoza, Viceroy of Granada. By

great good luck Don Luis wanted to learn Greek, so a bargain was easily concluded: nine months' tuition in exchange for the Moor. Installed at the Alhambra, whose very walls spoke to him in the tongue he loved, Nicholas put himself to school with the Moor while he coached the Viceroy in his declensions and paradigms. They read the Koran together, and, as the guileless son of the prophet explained the text, he little knew what a ferment he was creating in the soul of his pupil. The Koran, Father Cleynaerts wrote to a friend, haunted his thoughts day and night. "Is it not a shame that for nine centuries our religion should have been defeated by Islam without anyone descending into the arena of dogmas and there meeting the Mohammedans face to face? We Latin peoples have produced plenty of writers to attack these impious sects with their pens, but what is the good when the Moslems know no Latin and so cannot read them? For us it is indeed a terrible responsibility that so many nations are separated from Christ. My longing is to raise up and equip a body of men capable of conversing and debating with the Moslems in Arabic. Having given myself heart and soul to this task, my only care now is to seize every opportunity, to make the opportunities, if necessary, of discovering and understanding the mysteries of this superstition. I dream a royal dream. We shall publish the Koran with notes and

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SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

refutations supplied to us by the theologians. We shall swing the battering-ram of erudition against the fortress of Islam."

Poor Father Nicholas! He reckoned without the Inquisition, and not all his tears and entreaties availed to win him a copy of the Koran from its bonfires. No doubt Spain of that age had the best of reasons to be frightened of the Koran, but it is a sad commentary on the shortsightedness of human institutions that a man such as he should have been frustrated in his holy purposes by a technicality. Not easily defeated, he made up his mind to seek in Africa the Koran which Spain refused him, and on April 10, 1540, landed at Ceuta after an appalling crossing. Four days later he was in Tetuan, garbed as a Moor and giving himself out for a foreign professor of languages. His Arabic was so perfect by this time that the intellectuals of the place, in high astonishment, invited him with their grave courtesy to take part in a public disputation. He put his man in the sack, which little victory pleased him because it showed what could be done by Arabists in the service of Jesus. After a fortnight in Tetuan he set out on a five days' journey over the mountains to the mysterious city of Fez, one of the holy places of Islam and also among its greatest seats of learning. It boasted no less than ten *medersas*, or theological schools, and gave the world the famous

philosopher, Avicenna, on whose works Father Cleynaerds was already an authority. Four hundred mosques ministered to the religious needs of its 100,000 fanatical people, whose proximity to Spain lent a special intensity to their hatred of the Christians. Even today, after the splendid pacificatory achievements of Marshal Lyautey, Fez is a place in which a Christian must watch his step. And the Moors were not the only danger, for Fez harbored 4,000 embittered Jews, refugees from the Inquisition.

Among the Jews Father Nicholas took up his abode as though they were his best friends in the world. He must indeed have been irresistible, because within a short time large numbers of them were coming to him for instruction in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. In letters home he pleaded with typical charity for these persecuted people: "What has been the good of expelling the Jews from Spain? Surely it would have been possible to make use of such intelligent men, instead of driving them out." Catholic Spain, he urged, would greatly profit by a better knowledge of Hebrew, since it would enable priests to argue with the Jews on their own ground and so facilitate sincere conversions in place of the feigned ones brought about by compulsion.

With the Sultan of Fez, who was not particularly tractable, Cleynaerds had remarkable success. Flattered to

find an infidel who spoke Arabic to perfection and could discourse on the Koran like a marabout, his Majesty gave the disguised priest a bodyguard and the freedom of the city. For 17 months Father Nicholas studied the Moors in every phase of their daily lives, provisioned himself with Arabic manuscripts, and engaged in discreet evangelization. Eventually he succeeded in finding a copyist who for a large sum agreed to transcribe some manuscripts for him. The rest of his money he spent on the redemption of Christian slaves. For their sake he even ran into heavy debt and came very near to ending as a Christian slave himself.

With his deep and beautiful human sympathies, Cleynaerds was quick to discern the good points in the Moorish character. "Among other virtues," he wrote in 1541, "I find a perfect fulfilment of the evangelical counsel: be not solicitous for tomorrow. And there is this important point, too, that no mishap or provocation, however great, is capable of destroying their patience or driving them to that blasphemy which, alas, is so common in many of our Christian lands. No matter what happens to them, they say, 'Glory be to God.' What a tragedy it is that men otherwise so good should be separated from Christ by opinions so absurd." It had become almost proverbial in those days to say that Mohammedans were unconvertible, and against such defeatism Father Nicholas fought.

Nobody was brave enough to follow him, and in mid-career all his self-sacrifice seemed to be blown away on the winds of Africa. The Sultan suddenly became suspicious of his activities and would have slain or enslaved him but for the fear of the King of Portugal. On his flight to the coast, penniless and alone, his precious manuscripts were stolen. Back in Spain, he could get no one to understand. The Inquisition remained adamant, and a long, eloquent appeal to Charles V, just back from war with the Moslems of Algiers, did not receive so much as the courtesy of a reply. There was nothing to be done but to return to Africa like Ramon Lull and die at his post. Before sailing he began a final appeal in the form of a *Letter to the Nations of Christendom*. But the pen dropped from his tired hands, and he died at Granada in 1543, at the age of 47.

A hundred years after Father Cleynaerds had fallen in his tracks, the ruler of Fez was a doughty young warrior named Mulai Mohammed El Abbas, who, it is said, could muster for battle no less than 500,000 men. In the circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that he won his battles, but he was a very devout prince, and attributed the glory to Mohammed, to whom he vowed a pilgrimage of thanksgiving. In 1656 he went to Tunis, where he was received with immense honor by the Bey. The Bey

advised him to sail for Mecca on an English warship then in port, which he did, incognito, and with only a small band of attendants. Hardly had the ship gained the high seas when it was sighted and signaled by the watchful fleet of the Knights of Malta who, though then at peace with England, claimed rights of search over all vessels in that part of the Mediterranean. The English had no option but to admit the right and surrender their royal passenger. The knights, without knowing exactly who he was, demanded a ransom of 40,000 gold crowns. In Malta he received every courtesy and was even permitted, after some demur on the part of the Knight Commander, to lecture to the gentlemen on the Koran. In due course the ransom money arrived from Fez, whereupon El Abbas was put aboard another ship with much ceremony and bowed out of Christendom. Two days later this ship arrived back in Malta, and from it, to the astonishment of the Maltese, there stepped none other than the young Moor with the regal bearing, who had proved such a valuable capture. Wonder upon wonder, he asked to be baptized! A Sultan of Morocco becoming a Catholic, was ever such a thing heard of since the conversion of St. Paul! In baptism he must put away his Moslem names, so the Knight Commander, Balthasar Mendez, eagerly offered him his own. The ceremony took place on July 31, the

feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, with as much pomp as the island had ever known, and El Abbas emerged as Balthasar Loyola Mendez.

Balthasar's first plan was to retire into a desert and lead a hermit's life of prayer and expiation. But the immensity of the mercy that had been accorded him led him in his turn to dream a royal dream. He would go to Rome, to prepare himself to work for the salvation of his people. At Rome he came in contact with the Jesuits, then, and ever since, ardent workers *en terre d'Islam*. After all, the original purpose of St. Ignatius and his companions was just that and nothing more, to evangelize the Moslems of Palestine. Shyly Balthasar begged for admission to the Society, and was granted his request, in spite of the bar against candidates of Moorish or Jewish blood. Later on an artist who had painted his portrait in Fez encountered him as a priest in Béziers, and nearly swooned at the sight.

As he was a man of high education who had already written several religious works in Arabic, the Jesuit authorities did not consider it necessary to put Balthasar through the usual long course of studies. After his noviceship and a three years' course in the classics he was ordained and appointed chaplain to the galley slaves of Genoa and Naples, most of whom were Moslems. To these poor fellows he devoted himself with such selfless generosity that

he won more than 2,000 of them to the faith. His own faith was like that of some first-century saint who remembered the Supper Room and the mighty wind of Pentecost.

It was impossible for Father Mendez to return to Morocco as his son and successor had been assassinated and the country was in the throes of civil war. His superiors therefore directed him to sail for India, where there were, and are more Moslems than anywhere else in the world. His journey from Italy to his ship at Lisbon turned into a triumphal progress. Everybody wanted to see him, kings and grand dukes, cardinals and reverend mothers. He was invited to say Mass for the community in one house of each religious order along his route.

All the accounts are unanimous in testifying to Father Balthasar's extraordinary charm of manner. In appearance, they say, he was every inch a king and he had a fine intellect, but

his heart was as humble and as spontaneously loving and friendly as the heart of a child. In one way he must have been about the most approachable man in Europe, for he understood 15 languages. He reached Madrid in August, 1667, and received the honor of a State visit from the feeble Charles II and his consort, Queen Louise. A week more and he would be outward bound from Lisbon, the most promising missionary that had sailed since St. Francis Xavier. Alas, for all the bright hopes centered on him, he contracted a fever, and within the week was dead, at the age of 36, his last act having been to hold his crucifix to the lips of a Moorish slave who had been brought to his bedside. By royal command he was accorded a funeral such as Spain reserved for her kings, and after the bier of this Moorish chieftain turned Jesuit there walked pensively the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella.



In Case of Fire

Out in the Rockies there is a pine tree whose cone drops to the earth but doesn't release its seeds. This cone lies there 100 or 150 years, maybe longer. Then one day a forest fire sweeps over the land. It burns everything to a crisp. It also causes this particular kind of a cone to open; so, soon after the fire, there is a sturdy crop of young pines sprouting up. Now, when you have a great Planner like that on the job, the One that thought up those pine cones, why should I be fretting about what's going to turn up for me?

George Aiken quoted in the *Forum* (July '39).

The Spirit of Poland

She shall not perish

By MONICA GARDNER

Condensed from the *Month**

The great Polish poet-mystic, Zygmunt Krasinski, in his *Psalm of Faith*, written in 1845, puts forth the theory that every nation has received from on high a calling peculiar to itself. If this idea is not always easy to work out in the history of certain nations it emerges with extraordinary clarity and continuity in the history of Poland.

The position of Poland is, and has been through the centuries of her history, a peculiar and indeed unique one. She is the eastern outpost of Europe and Western civilization. She is the barrier, or the link, between East and West. Possessing no natural boundaries except those of the Carpathians on the southwest, she lies in an open plain running into Germany on one side and Russia on the other: a position of extreme strategical danger, with one of the longest frontiers in Europe to defend and a mere strip of sea coast. A Slavonic nation, her religion, her culture, her alphabet are derived from Rome. Since her conversion to Christianity in the 10th century she has always belonged to the Catholic Church, with at the present moment an inconsiderable percentage of Protestants among her population.

In the 16th and 17th centuries Poland was the greatest nation of eastern

Europe. Her territories stretched from the Baltic into southeastern Europe, and into what is now Russian territory. Her history abounds with drama and anomalies. Her greatness had its foundation in the most romantic pages of Polish history: in the girl-queen Jadwiga's (of Anjou) self-sacrifice for the sake of her country and of the Catholic faith.

It was this once powerful country that was dismembered in the 18th century by Russia, Austria and Prussia, and which for more than 100 years ceased to exist. But there is so deep-seated a tenacity of life in the character of the Polish nation that it has proved impossible to destroy her. Through that century and a half, from 1773, the date of the first partition, to 1918, when the former Republic of Poland took her place once more in the commonwealth of Europe as an independent State, the Polish nation, torn in three, her sons scattered and exiled all over the world, exposed to the danger of denationalization on every side, never ceased to struggle for her resurrection. She did so in Kosciuszko's rising; in Napoleon's armies where the Polish Legions fought because they believed that Bonaparte would restore Poland; in the insurrection of 1830 and that of

*31 Farm St., Berkeley Square, W.I, London, England. June, 1939.

1863, the latter a guerilla conflict in the nature of a forlorn hope, but which lasted more than a year, and came near to bringing about a European war; in repeated attempts between 1830 and 1863, scarcely heard of beyond the confines of Poland, but whose leaders live in the pages of Polish history; and above all in the maintenance of her nationality by the silent, unremitting struggle of daily life under oppression.

What was the result? At the close of the Great War there were 30,000,000 Poles with an intense and invincible national consciousness. To maintain that it was not the Congress of Versailles but the Poles themselves who restored Poland is no sentimental statement, but the plain fact. Had the Poles yielded through the 150 years of their captivity to the overwhelming odds against them and allowed themselves to be assimilated into the conquering races which were using every means to bring this about, there would have been no Polish claims to independence when the map of Europe was recast. "A great nation can fall," said Staszic, one of Poland's great 18th-century political and social reformers; "only an unworthy nation can perish." So the Poles in 1918 came into their own once more: but we must remember that the Republic of Poland which then took her place among the nations of Europe was no new creation, but a re-created State, although not to the full extent of her historical boundaries. The most

unfortunate withholding from Poland of what was hers by both logical and historical right was her loss of Danzig. Danzig had been Poland's for 300 years. Her only seaport was filched from her by Prussia at the second partition.

From the 13th century to the end of the 17th, Poland stood as the bulwark of the Christian world against the invading flood of Moslem, represented by Tartar and Turk. This tradition entered into her blood, as the study of her historical records proves. Her eastern borderlands, a name that echoes with heroic associations to the Polish ear, were the scene of perpetual Tartar inroads. The Polish dwellers in those lands fulfilled the purpose of a frontier guard. They kept a perpetual watch towards the horizon, always ready at the alarm to mount into the saddle: and the countless numbers of those who fell in this border warfare were naturally regarded as soldiers of the cross. We may better realize Poland's immemorial defense of Eastern Christendom when we reflect that so late in modern history as the period when the Stuart kings and Louis XIV were on the throne, at the other end of Europe a Christian nation was keeping back Tartar invasion, and Polish girls were still exposed to the danger of being carried into Moslem slavery. Poland's office of defender of Christendom against the Crescent closed with the deliverance of Vienna by John Sobieski

in 1683 from the last great Moslem invasion of Europe; but even after the fall of Poland, when she was no longer politically existent, that she still had a mission to carry out was a tenet of faith in the minds of her patriot-poets, the moral leaders of the nation, who attributed to her death and to her future resurrection, in which they firmly believed, a Messianic role. If Polish Messianism convinced few outside the nation and not all within it, the point is that the idea of a special calling assigned to Poland, and one involving benefit to the human commonwealth, still endured, and with great insistence, in the psychology of fallen Poland. Tradition, that element of great significance in the moral structure of an individual and a nation, is deep-rooted in the Polish character. It is a remarkable phenomenon that not two years after her reappearance among the States of Europe, Poland was called upon to resume her traditional task of hurling back an invasion that threatened Christianity and civilization.

Poland now stands between the two forces of Germany and Russia, representing two opposite ideas, both of them equally dangerous to Christianity and hostile to its principles, and both of them in complete discord with the ideals and character of Poland. With the Russian people, as distinct from their Government, Poland is not without points of contact and a certain racial sympathy. Between the Pole and

German there is a clash of character, a racial antagonism, most acutely felt in those districts of Poland which, during their bondage, experienced the drastic brutality of Prussian methods. Here again it seems as though Poland were to maintain under a different aspect her time-honored mission as the outpost of Christian civilization. She has consistently discouraged the dissemination of Bolshevik propaganda. The tenets of Bolshevism have no chance of success with the Polish peasant, who has only this answer to give the propagandist of Bolshevism: "You have no God!" and turns an indifferent ear to his persuasions. On the other hand, Nazism has no appeal to a people who have never accepted mental slavery, who have none of the herd instinct of the Teuton but a strong individualism, so strong as not to have always been to the national advantage, and to whom the minutiae of Teutonic organization are wholly alien. When we say that Poland seems destined to resume her post of defender of Christian civilization, may it not be that her firm stand against the triumphant march of Nazi aggression in these days through which Europe is passing may prove to be the salvation of the world?

There have been moments even before the seemingly final destruction of Poland when it appeared as though nothing could save the nation. In the 17th century the Swedish army, then one of the finest in Europe, overran

and subjugated the greater part of the country. The King of Sweden, Charles Gustavus, was crowned King of Poland; the Polish king, John Casimir, was in flight; Warsaw resembled a Swedish rather than a Polish city. The monk, Prior Kordecki, with his brother monks and a handful of Polish soldiers, drove the Swedish besiegers from the walls of the small unfortified sanctuary of Czenstochowa, the nation rose in fury against the invader, and Poland was delivered. It was to commemorate this victory that the Poles gave the title of Queen of Poland to our blessed Lady, by which name they still address her; and it remains as an invocation in the Polish *Litany of Loretto*.

The process of dismemberment had already begun, when Poland flung aside the shackles that were destroying her political and national life by promulgating, in 1791, the earliest liberal constitution to be framed in Europe. The day on which it was passed, May 3, is the national feast day of reborn Poland. She was likewise in her death throes when she instituted a Commission of Education which was the forerunner of our modern Ministry of Education in which several of the features of present-day education were forestalled, including an equivalent of the Officers' Training Corps and a foreshadowing of the Boy Scout Movement.

Even after Poland had been torn asunder, no effort of the three powerful nations between which she was divided could succeed in destroying Polish nationality. It is especially noteworthy in the light of recent events that Prussianization even when backed by a Bismarck or a Bülow is incapable of Germanizing the Pole. The German element cannot subjugate or eliminate the Polish element. Something in the Polish character remains obdurate against the German: the Pole comes uppermost, not the German. The Prussian Government was so well aware of this fact that while Poland was still under its domination, marriages of German officials with Polish women were forbidden by law, for the reason that in mixed marriages the Polish nationality ousted the German, and the children of such marriages grew up not German but Poles.

The reborn Republic of Poland had scarcely come into being, her army was still in its infancy, when the Red armies were within a few miles of Warsaw. Her victory, the Miracle of the Vistula, as the Poles call it, the 18th decisive battle of the world, as Lord d'Abernon judged it, is still within our memories. "If war comes," the Poles are now saying, "it will not be Poland that perishes": and the verdict of history is with them.

Not Genius but Talent

99% perspiration

By JULIETTE LAINE

Condensed from *Mary's Messenger**

He sat at the piano in his Berlin apartment and ran his fingers lightly over the keys. Suddenly he came down with a great, thundering chord. So! If Berlin would not have him and his music he would return to Poland and devote himself to composition.

Paderewski's crushing fiasco in Berlin is not generally known. Yet, so complete was his failure to win the approval of either the critics or the public that he decided to abandon his career as a pianist and devote himself wholly to composition. Even here he was doomed to failure. His compositions were pretty graceful works, but they lacked the true inspiration, the dynamic quality that would make them endure. Realizing this unhappy truth, Paderewski returned in desperation to his first ambition, and was able to induce the great Leschetizsky to accept him as a pupil.

For six weary months Paderewski struggled to master the keyboard. Well he knew now that he was no genius. But he also realized that he did have talent. When Paderewski again appeared in public as a pianist there was no question of his success. Critics and music lovers were electrified and from that day forth he took his place among the masters of music. Today, an old

man who has borne the strain of the concert stage over many a year, who has carried the burden of his native country as its president, he still stands unchallenged in the world of music.

Paderewski suffers from one of the greatest defects a musician can have, a defective musical memory. It is not merely an imperfect recall of the notes; it goes deeper than that. The amazing truth is that this great artist cannot retain the complete pattern of any long piece for more than 48 hours. He frankly admits this extraordinary fact, says it has been the torment of his life.

To overcome this defect, Paderewski practices daily, during his concert seasons, from eight to ten hours. It is the only way, he says, in which he can keep his musical memory in shape.

"I realized at the very beginning that it was either that—keyboard slavery—or quick oblivion. I can truthfully say that if I neglect my practice for even one day, I can see the difference, if I neglect it for two days the critics discover it, and if I neglect it for three days the whole world knows it!"

Strictly speaking, from the standpoint of the psychologist, the great Paderewski was never a musical genius, and his tremendous achievement is for that reason all the greater.

*Terryville, Conn. June, 1939.

In An Oxygen Tent

By CHRISTABEL DANSON

Nurse gets nursed

Condensed from the *Catholic Nurse**

I have just had a great experience; I have been at the very point of death; and I have recovered!

I am writing from the point of view of a patient, for even now, I know nothing at all of my case professionally. I have not seen a single chart, or read a report; in fact, for a long time, I did not know what I was suffering from.

My illness began in the operating theater, one afternoon, when I felt the all too familiar symptoms of "flu." I had to leave operations, send for the doctor and go to bed. He found nothing in my chest, gave me some medicine and expected to find me improved in the morning.

That first night I spent trying to dodge someone who was making a great noise breathing, and who would breathe in time with me! I remember nothing but some visits from the night nurse of the clinic who tried to make me more comfortable.

When my staff nurse arrived at 9 o'clock the next morning she found me grey and collapsed, so swift and deadly is the onslaught of influenzal pneumonia. I was quite unconscious of all this, so you can imagine how puzzled I was when I heard my doctor's voice saying, "Sister, would you like to see anyone from St. Joseph's?"

"No, thank you, my priest is away" I gasped, pulling myself together, but the doctor's voice went on, urging me to let him send for someone. At once, it seemed to me, Father Rector was standing there, and I was trying to greet him politely.

I could hardly believe my ears, "I am going to anoint you—would you like to go to confession?"—and while on this point, let me say what a miracle of grace a deathbed repentance must be! Although I heard and understood every word Father Rector was saying, I was absolutely incapable of making my confession, or of making an act of contrition. In fact, I could not even remember a *Hail Mary*. Happily for me, my penance consisted only in repeating the Holy Name, and that I could still remember.

Meanwhile, my doctor was not letting the grass grow under his feet. In a very short time he produced: 1. A chest specialist; 2. Two private nurses; 3. An oxygen tent.

I had had the initial dose of the wonder drug M. and B. 693 (sulfapyridine). There were four tablets crushed on a spoon. A hand offered them to me, and it was like eating white plush. The doctor knew that my only hope lay in promptness of action, and how

*3 Royal Ave., London S.W.3, England. June, 1939.

he worked! I remember wondering vaguely why two doctors should be moving all the furniture possible out of my room. Of course, it was to make room for the tent. To have a doctor as good as mine and a Catholic "for-bye," as we say in Scotland, is a marvellous possession, and I know well, that under Almighty God, I owe my life to his quick decisions.

The oxygen tent arrived; also several experts to put it up.

The tent was on the principle of a clothes horse covered with jaconette. It fitted right 'round the back of the bed and the jaconette was detached from the horse for about half a yard from the floor, which allowed of its being tucked in under the mattress at the back. The left side division was the important one. There was a sort of a microphone half way up, and back of it an ice container. Behind the ice was a tall oxygen cylinder which blew, via the ice, through the microphone, into the tent. The roof, sides and front were in one, and into the front flap was inserted a large celluloid window. The sides tucked in like the back, and the front flap extended down the bed clothes and was rolled up with a sheet and tucked also under the mattress.

I cannot describe my feeling of "aloofness" upon going into "enclosure" in the tent, but when once settled and able to look out of my window, I felt that I was in Cinderella's coach!

Life in the tent became very simple: it had but two interests. First and foremost—not to lose one single breath of the life-giving icy air that was pouring in, and secondly a mild interest in what would come next through the two "Post Offices," one in the front and one at the side of the tent. These were secured with a bull dog clip, and you could never guess what was coming through. Suddenly a hand would appear and would offer something—it might be a delicious iced drink, but again it might be a dose of horrible medicine or some more "white plush"—there was no knowing which! Then sometimes my privacy was violated: up went the front flap, in came two hands, and then I knew it would be a *prick*. Alas! how soon the peace and comfort of the tent was turned to misery! An overpowering nausea, one of the most dreaded symptoms of M. and B., overwhelmed me, and for days I could not keep down even a sip of ice water.

But my doctor was not to be defeated. He heard that an intramuscular injection of M. and B. had just come on the market, and he lost no time in securing it for me. The sickness ceased, but only to be succeeded by another discomfort. Two cubic centimeters of the thick pea-soupy injection (I heard nurse say that) injected into the gluteal region soon made sitting a most painful posture. Of course I had to be upright, and I was on an air bed, but its corrugated non-slip surface only added

to the discomfort, and at last I persuaded nurse to put me back on my spring mattress. This eased things a little. But there was no end of my miseries: my face broke out in a rash, and a series of knife thrusts in my right side turned out to be dry pleurisy. That was one of the worst torments I have ever experienced. Life became a nightmare, and everyone who approached, a potential pricker.

By this time my arms were full of coramine, I was sitting on M. and B., and next they began to attack my thighs with some liver extract, the trade name of which I never knew. This made me as stiff and sore as the day after a first ride! I felt like St. Sebastian, though not half so resigned.

At last the injections ceased, and the tent was removed. The fire could once more be turned on in my room (impossible up till then on account of the oxygen) and the reading lamp was lit. I was back in the world.

The first shock I received was when I saw my hands. They were large and yellow, suggesting those of a coachman who was always handling leather reins. They were absolutely dry and hard. The cuticles had grown half over my nails. They were obstinately adherent, and a thin, white skin protruded from the tops of the nails, like a hood. It was most revolting!

In Rome the people now often refer to the Duce as "*La bella Giulietta*" (the lovely Juliet), and if you ask them why, they say, "Because he is so often on the balcony." *

The [London] *Catholic Herald* (23 June '39).

Then I heard the doctor remark while he was examining my chest that my back was so dry and papery, that it might have been painted with iodine.

So far, I have dwelt only on the effect of M. and B. 693 on the body, but it has also a very definite one on the mind. My brain was singularly alert: I could hear every word in the room, and what the passers-by said in the street. Besides this, I had the most awful urge to speak the truth, irrespective of convention, like an unselfconscious child. The worst of it is, I can remember everything I said—even to the specialist. He remarked, so the doctor told me later, that he had never in all his experience seen anyone so seriously ill, and still able to joke!

In case you think I am imagining this, let me quote from a paper which I read during my convalescence:

"Man curses the drug which saves his life. Under the influence of M. and B. 693 which was given for pneumonia, a farmer in Arkansas confessed to six murders committed in his youth. Now he must answer for his crimes."

What a chance for the countries in which the third degree exists! What a saving of time for the police, and of agony of mind for the culprit! Ram in four tablets of M. and B. and repeat two every four hours, until he "comes clean."

On the Roof of Europe

Romance and rescues

By MAY BALDWIN

Condensed from the *Catholic Fireside**

High up in the Mt. Blanc fastnesses, among a wild tangle of snow-clad ranges, labyrinthine ravines, and glassy green glaciers, stands the most romantic monastery in the world. It is the Hospice of St. Bernard, that fort-like guest house 8,000 feet high on the roof of Europe, which for nearly a millenium has dispensed hospitality to both peasants and kings.

The great serpentine road to the monastery, along which tourists in summer sweep by the thousands, is snowbound in winter. No sound save the boom of distant avalanches breaks the unearthly silence of the wastes. Snow lies 30 feet deep, temperature zero, but the sons of St. Bernard still keep open, as they have kept for centuries, a haven of refuge for every wanderer who braves the perilous ways.

St. Bernard's Pass, known in pre-Christian times as the *Mons Jovis* (Mountain of Jupiter) is steeped in history. This main Alpine highway has known the tramp of armies and elephants; it has echoed to the steps of Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, and that "little man in the old grey overcoat," Napoleon. Ever since Bernard, monk and nobleman of Aosta, built his mountain shelter, pilgrims

have multiplied and thousands of storm-tossed travelers, blinded by blizzards, half buried in avalanches, have been rescued by the monks and their keen-scented guides, St. Bernard mastiffs.

The present Hospice, lineal successor to that which Bernard built about the year 950, has changed with the centuries. By 1560 the original building was demolished to make room for a larger one. Travel facilities have improved, progress speeded up since then, and a century ago a hotel annex was added. No modern comforts awaited Napoleon, when on that memorable day in May of 1800 he and his half-starved, ragged legionaries dragged their weary way to the door of the Hospice, and were received by the great-hearted monks. Times have changed indeed; the monastery of today has 100 rooms and 400 beds, and boasts central heating, electricity, telephone, radio, and a filling station for motorists.

About 15 Augustinian monks and their Prior live at the Hospice; but despite all modern amenities, only the sturdiest can endure more than a dozen years of the rigorous climate. Rheumatism and heart trouble invariably claim victims, and sufferers then retire to their motherhouse at Martigny, to be

replaced by others. Life is arduous at all times. In the brief summer, besides providing for at least 20,000 visitors, the brothers work on their farms in the Swiss and Italian valleys. In September the cattle and sheep are killed, and the meat salted and preserved for winter.

The cold months spell increasing activities. It is a full-team task to clear the snowdrifts, stake and rope the paths, and saw tunnels through the ice that for weeks on end obstructs their dwelling. Always there is the lookout for wayfarers who, despite the railways, travel winter and summer between Piedmont and the Valais. The monks, the first to use skis in Switzerland, are expert skiers. From the Hospice roof 60 feet above ground, they ski to the valleys, bring in their mail, their farm produce, and assist travelers.

In times past the dogs acted as guides in rescue work, but since the installation of telephones people crossing the Pass usually ring up before starting the journey, and in the event of snowstorms, monks on skis set out to find them. The dogs, unequal to accompanying swift skiing search parties, are less used than formerly, but they are excellent guides in foggy weather, and a dozen mastiffs are still kept. The St. Bernard dog is the result of cross-breeding between a bull dog and a Pyrenean sheep dog.

Besides the ordinary duties of prayer, manual labor, rescue work, and sick

nursing, the brothers study theology, mineralogy, archaeology, and natural science. Some years ago close to the mountain tarn by the Hospice, they discovered the foundation of a temple to Jupiter, and brought to light statuettes, bronze tablets and Roman coins, propitiatory gifts ancient travelers offered to their pagan deity.

Very proudly do the monks show visitors their treasures: an old painting of St. Bernard and his dog, a piano given by Edward VII, guest at the monastery when Prince of Wales, and the portrait of Queen Victoria presented by Her Majesty when she stayed the night. The library contains 20,000 books of all ages and nations, and in the museum are valuable mineralogical, natural history collections, and Roman antiquities excavated by the brothers themselves.

But the Golden Age of Alpine hospices is past. Automobiles and the railroads have swept away much of the glamour that clung to Alpine transit. Time was, when the crossing of the St. Bernard's Pass was an enterprise for heroes, and kings and emperors paid for hospitality with gold and broad acres. In the time of Henry II, such good work had the monks done for Englishmen, they were given lands in Essex.

Times are leaner; save for the frequent summer visits of the King and Queen of Italy, royal guests are rare, and most visitors to the Hospice are

either hurrying tourists forgetful of an offering, or poor peasants seeking work across the mountains. But despite all changes, the Bernardine traditions prevail, and all travelers, excepting mo-

torists, are lodged gratuitously. The statue of St. Bernard stands blessing the historic Pass, and the fame of his charity remains undiminished today, ten centuries after his death.



The House We Build

Once there was a great architect who had worked faithfully for many years for a large corporation. He had always been loyal and honest in all his dealings and had grown old in their employ.

One day the board of directors called him in and gave him plans for a fine home to be built in the most exclusive residential section of the city. The chairman instructed him to spare no expense in the construction of the home. It was to be a product of the best materials and skill, and he was ordered to use only the finest and most expensive materials and equipment and to hire the most skilled craftsmen and labor.

The man went to work on the house, but as work progressed he began to be tempted. Said he, "No supervision or inspection—no one will ever know what goes into the unseen portion of this house. Why hire such expensive labor? Why use such costly materials?"

And presently he yielded to temptation and began to substitute inferior materials. He replaced the skilled workmen with cheap labor and gloated over the fact that no one but himself knew of the deception. It was not apparent in the appearance of the job. In due course of time the house was completed. The man notified his employer and turned over the keys to the finished house, as was customary.

Shortly thereafter the chairman of the board held a reception in the new home to celebrate the completion of the structure that was to represent the life-work of the builder. The man was the guest of honor, and received much praise for his work.

After a lengthy speech of praise and commendation for this man's many years of faithful service to the corporation, the chairman extended to him the keys to the house and told him that it was a token of the high esteem his employers held for him and a gift to him for the long and faithful service he had rendered.

Give the Kids a Break

By G. A. BAKER

How to save \$15 billion

Condensed from the *Tab-O-Graph**

In the cell next to mine there is a 20-year-old boy who is serving a 60-year term for a series of charges growing out of his first major criminal offense. He is a nice sort of lad, worth saving now, maybe, but he won't be worth his weight in mud if he has to serve the remainder of his term.

His buddy, another kid from his neighborhood, is due to pull in any day. Then the two of them will get together in a dazed, bitter session to damn society and justice, and all it represents. They are just ordinary, run-of-the-mill kids who might have been saved for better things had they been taken in hand in time. Even now they are worth salvaging, but if we wait until the full effect of prison bars has shocked them into a permanent state of moral insensibility, they won't be worth the effort.

Penologists know this to be true, and though they are doing their best to counteract and correct some of society's blunders, their best doesn't seem to be quite enough. Something has to be done to sidetrack the kids from the road that leads to prison! That job is up to the parents and the boys' organizations.

The nation seems slowly to be awak-

ening to a sense of boy consciousness, but thus far it does not appear to be generally known outside of prison that nine out of ten of all Big House and Poor House and Death House inmates have never been members of the Scouts, or any other similar organization devoted exclusively to the interest of growing boys. To us on the inside, this has been known for years. If anything is going to be done to save the boys, now is the time to do it. Don't wait until they have heard the fatal words that sentence them to spend their middle-ages in prison cells. How is this to be done? Our plan is simple, but not easy. It is expensive, but not nearly so expensive as supporting a criminal army at the rate of \$15,000,000,000 per year.

It includes the stepping down of youth programs to include boys in the very young groups. Rescue them while they're young. Keep them healthy and strong and when they grow up they will thank you for it.

Build more playgrounds and gymnasiums. Teach the kids the use of catchers' mitts and boxing gloves before they start to play with blackjacks and automatics. Provide brainy and brawny fighting men to teach them how to

*Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y., as reprinted by the *Prison Mirror*, Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater, Minn. June 22, 1939.

block left hooks, and bat home runs. Teach them not to fear a poke in the nose, not to close their eyes in a fist fight, not to run from bullies. Teach them self-reliance. Teach it in a big way by recruiting an army of sports directors from among the headliners whom the sports writers have taught the kids to idolize.

Such a task is no job for a lot of preaching graybeards or arthritic grandpappies. They have had their chance and they muffed it miserably. It is all right with us if they wish to defray part of the expenses of the plan we would like to see put into effect, but they'll have to be content with a sideline seat. Our leaders would be chosen from among world-famous athletes. We'd invite the headliners to come down from their high horses to lead the hero-worshipping youngsters on to

moral victory. A kid afraid to defend himself physically can't be expected to cut any fancy dildoes when waging a moral fight.

We in prison are not ignorant of the fact that kids are expensive necessities, but we think that the time is ripe for the mothers and fathers of this country to devote a little more time to Junior during his formative years; from kindergarten on through adolescence.

It may never be listed in any of the highbrow textbooks, but the fact that nine-tenths of us in here never belonged to any respectable kid outfits should provide a morsel of meaty thought for those interested in getting at the core of the crime problem. Reform is only a drop in the bucket compared with what might be accomplished by giving the kids a proper start.



CCC Boys Go to Church

Do boys go to church? Yes, says the CCC, and here are the figures:

Exactly 2,017 Masses were celebrated in camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps during the last year.

Exactly 130,478 CCC boys attended their celebration.

Catholic priests conducted 27,087 services in the camps in the course of the year, exclusive of Mass.

Approximately 896,000 enrollees attended these services.

In all camps the total attendance at all religious services was more than 7,500,000.

There were 120,000 of these separate services.

These are figures released in Washington, D. C., by Robert Fechner, director of the CCC.

The Technique of Bigotry

By THOMAS F. REILLY, C.S.S.R.

Dishes get warmed over

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

The stirring up of racial and religious hatred in the U. S. is not an occupation which has occupied the best minds of the country. As a result the propaganda technique which has been employed against Catholics, Jews or Negroes, has been on the whole decidedly crude and repetitious. Yet, as Adolph Hitler has emphasized (and his mastery of propaganda no man may dispute), crudity and repetition are essential to the success of mass propaganda. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler states this theory with unblushing frankness, adding that "as soon as by one's own propaganda even a glimpse of right on the other side is admitted, the cause for doubting one's own right is laid."

A person who desires to build up a prejudice against any racial or religious group will almost intuitively use in reverse the methods of an advertising campaign. Slogans and cartoons will be employed, for they are crude and direct. A simple picture will be repeated until it impresses itself indelibly upon the public mind. But unlike the advertiser who links his product with health, happiness and success, the propagandist of bigotry associates his prospective victims with all which he believes the ordinary man abhors.

Of course, propaganda may fail if

it is too crude or too obviously false. At least some factual basis is required. Yet, if one is careful to play upon already existing prejudices, a great amount of falsehood may be safely blended with very little truth.

The campaign against the Jews, which has enjoyed such extraordinary success even in America, offers an opportunity for study at first hand of the methods of racial and religious bigotry. It is a very boring task to read widely in anti-Semitic literature. Even apart from the product of the Nazi propaganda machine, the literature is immense. For those who prefer their anti-Semitism in English, there is an ever-growing mass of books, pamphlets, and periodicals from England and Canada, and from many of the approximately 800 anti-Semitic organizations in the U. S.

The same charges are presented again and again without the least hint that they may have long since been conclusively refuted. The same quotations from distinguished Jews are repeatedly reprinted and placed in a setting which gives their words, as a rule entirely above reproach, a dreadfully sinister aspect. There is a great deal of copying back and forth, even across the Atlantic, with many of the

*389 E. 150th St., New York City. June, 1939.

geniuses engaged in the honorable trade relying heavily upon Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* of 1919-22 as a source book. (In 1927, Ford apologized and made a complete retraction.)

While the pattern of the anti-Semitic propaganda is substantially the same in all the literature, there is one curious distinction of particular interest to Catholics. The anti-Semites are divided into two schools in regard to the Catholic Church. The first links the Church and Jewry together as two subversive international movements. The allegiance of Catholics to a foreign Pope and the Church's opposition to extreme nationalism are emphasized. Thus in the Nazi pattern, while Communism is generally termed Jewish-Communism, one is also informed that "political Catholicism" is allied with it. The charge that Catholic priests and bishops are somehow tied up with Communism was repeated so often that the German bishops, assembled at Fulda last summer, undertook to answer it in their famous letter. In Nazi anti-Semitic writings the Pope has been called a Jew. In Ludendorff's *Halbmonatsschrift* the President of the U. S. is denounced not only as a representative of the Jews and the Masons, but also as a confidant of Cardinal Pacelli (Pius XII). In the U. S. the Rev. Gerald Winrod of Kansas is the best known of those distinguished gentlemen who more or less successfully

combine Jew-baiting with Pope-baiting.

The other school of anti-Semites seeks to enlist Catholics in the campaign against the Jews by portraying "World Jewry" as a conspiracy for the destruction of Christianity. A perfect example of this type of propaganda is furnished in the pamphlet, *The Key to the Mystery*, by the Canadian Fascist, Adrien Arcand. The Archbishop of Montreal warned Catholics against radical doctrines such as Arcand preaches and Arcand's Unity Party is a negligible force in Canadian politics. Yet his *Key to the Mystery* has enjoyed a surprisingly wide circulation in the U. S. In this tract, Arcand pictures the Jews as the force behind Communism and every movement which is hostile to Christianity; he quotes lavishly from allegedly Catholic sources and calls for swift awakening to the Jewish peril if Church and State are to survive.

In the U. S., anti-Jewish bigots and anti-Catholic bigots have used different charges against their victims, but their technique is very much the same. Reading through the issues of the *Monitor* and *Liberation* for three years, one cannot help being struck by the similarity of method. The *Monitor* is the *Menace* carried on under a new name. It belongs to that type of paper, so popular in the 1920's, which played up "the menace of Roman Catholicism" and helped to enlist over 2,000,000 members for the Ku Klux Klan.

Baiting Catholics is not a popular sport today and the *Monitor* is one of the few surviving organs which carries on bravely with the old type of propaganda.

Liberation, one of the more popular Jew-baiting sheets, is edited by William Dudley Pelley, Chief of the Silver Shirts. Chief Pelley is no wishy-washy anti-Semite: everything he does not like is Jewish and anything he does like cannot be Jewish. Hence, for example, Jesus Christ was not a Jew; He was "a high class Gaul" because He came from "Gaulilee." On the other hand, the President is a Jew and his real name is "Rossocampo-Roosenvelt."

It is difficult to decide whether the *Monitor* or *Liberation* presents the more fantastic picture. To one acquainted with the Catholic Church, it is almost impossible to understand how the propaganda of the *Monitor* could ever be accepted except by a few Americans on the lunatic fringe. Yet, not 20 years ago this country was the scene of a widespread anti-Catholic movement nourished on just such charges as may be found in the *Monitor* of today. It is equally difficult for one who is a Jew or acquainted with American citizens of Jewish faith and stock to comprehend how the composite of falsehood and distorted facts put out by *Liberation* and similar sheets can be so widely accepted.

Both the *Monitor* and *Liberation*

weave a certain number of facts in with their fantasies and it is this which makes refutation so hard when one is dealing with a prejudiced mind. It is true, for example, that there is a much larger number of Catholics holding office under this administration than there were under the three previous administrations. It is true that Catholic papers have pointed many times to similarities between New Deal legislation and the Papal encyclicals. It is true that prominent administration officials, notably Wallace, Murphy, and Jackson, have paid eloquent tributes to the social teachings of the Church as found in the encyclicals and in the Bishops' Program of 1919. But it is rather a leap to conclude from these facts that the New Deal is run by "Romanists," and that all its legislation is shaped according to the specifications of "popish writings."

Since the literature which plays upon racial and religious prejudice is making its appeal to those who do not read widely and have little education, its readers very often do not realize that many of the statements have been challenged or refuted. Undoubtedly a great number of people today believe that the Jews control the financial and industrial life of America as well as most of the channels of information. *Fortune* magazine made a careful study of the economic position of the American Jew and came to a very different conclusion. Among other things, *For-*

tune found that the Jews, in numbers and influence, are in a decided minority in the banking, investment and brokerage fields; they hold an almost inconspicuous place in the heavy industries; they are important but a minority in the nation's retail business; in the radio and theater, where they reputedly had a monopoly, they own about one-half. Again, *Fortune, Editor & Publisher*, and the *Catholic World* find that the Jews own or control very few newspapers. But in reading anti-Semitic literature one does not discover any effort to meet the facts of such articles.

The A. P. A. used the technique of today in the 1890's to prove that the Catholic Church sought to undermine the government and "Tammany-ize" America. Tammany Hall was undeniably corrupt and Tammany Hall was

run by Irish-Americans who professed Catholicism. So the A. P. A., instead of simply attacking the corruption in the New York political machine, presented the country with pictures (as the famous cartoonist Nast had done before) of monsters, in bishops' miters or the papal tiara, seeking to destroy America.

However, the propaganda of bigots in America enjoys at best very ephemeral triumphs. Certain elements of the population may have an abiding fear of Catholics and a dislike for the Jews. In times of economic and social unrest that latent prejudice can be fanned into active and violent hatred. But in the past, tolerance, sanity, and good will eventually prevailed. And there are signs that the present wave of active anti-Jewish bigotry has already passed its crest.



Live Man Dead

A short time after I became a Catholic about eight years ago, a man whom I had known for 20 years or more, and whom I had always classed as an agnostic, one day surprised me by saying, "Let me congratulate you on becoming a Catholic. It's the only Church. It's my Church, you know."

"What do you mean—your Church?" I asked. "Haven't I heard you say that you haven't been inside any church for years and years?"

"That's right," he replied. "I haven't been inside any church since boyhood, except to attend weddings or funerals. I'm not the smug sort of Catholic who boasts that he never misses Mass on Sundays. As a matter of fact, since I left home when I was 15 years old I've not given religion or religious questions a single serious thought. But your conversion has brought the matter to my mind. For I really am a Catholic; it's the only Church. I shall die in it."

"You're dead already," was my reply to that. And as a raw convert I left this man in a puzzled mood, wondering how such people could have the effrontery to call themselves Catholics.

John Moody in the *Sign* (July '39).

Tower of London

By FREDERICK J. POOLEY

Memorial to martyrs

Condensed from the *Notre Damean**

Men say that the foundations of the great fortress, palace and prison, called the Tower of London, were laid by Caesar, the great general of Republican Rome, who sent his Eagles screaming into far corners of an almost unknown world. His name has clung to the site and one of the many bastions of the inner wall—the salt tower—is to this day called "Julius Caesar's Tower."

London had always been an important town in England, and so when William the Conqueror decided to set up his capital there, he began to build a great castle to be used as the place of royal residence and also as a fortress where a garrison could be stationed to overawe the Londoners. For this purpose he chose the small hill to the east of the city, where, before his entry into London, he had pitched his camp, and which men told him was the very place on which Caesar had built a fort. He committed the building of his castle to a monk of the great abbey of Bec, Gundulf by name, who was later to be raised to the See of Rochester. The work went on for centuries, and it was only in the reign of Henry III that the buildings began to assume their present shape.

In the story of the building of the

Tower we are struck by one of the bitterest jokes of that savage jester—history. It was erected for a great Christian king by a monk, and yet it has come down to us as the place where scores of priests spent their last nights on earth, before being cruelly butchered at Tyburn or Smithfield.

In 1090 a hurricane struck London, and so great was the damage done that it is still known as the great storm. Even the massive Tower—still under construction—did not escape. The outworks were swept away and the White Tower was severely damaged, although its walls are more than 15 feet thick. As a result of the storm, the work of building the castle was held up for months.

During the 13th and 14th centuries the kings, with the miserable exception of Edward II, exercised their power forcibly and on the whole for the common good. The nobles, as ever, objected to strong government and headed by Henry, Duke of Lancaster, who stemmed from a younger branch of the royal Plantagenets, they seized Richard II and threw him into the Tower. Here Richard was forced to abdicate and Henry ruled in his stead. Later on, the former monarch was murdered by starvation, during

*2901 Carrollton Ave., New Orleans, La. May, 1939.

imprisonment in a distant castle.

Assassination was the lot of Henry's grandson, Henry VI, and of his great grandson, Edward. The former was stabbed to death in the very room of the Tower where today the crown jewels are shown to visitors. The assassin was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who also did away with the two sons of his brother, Edward IV.

Legend tells us that the two young princes were sleeping together in the Tower when their murderers entered the room and smothered them. Many years later, during the reign of Charles II, some workmen discovered the bones of two small boys, buried under some stairs. These were believed to be the remains of the two murdered princes and were buried with great magnificence in Westminster Abbey.

In the 16th century, when Henry VIII came to the throne, the Tower again gained prominence. Two of Henry's wives, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, were imprisoned in the Tower on charges of adultery and incest, while the co-respondents—the gentlemen in the case—were arrested on the strange charge of piracy on the Irish Seas. After quick trials in which no witnesses for the accused were called, the two queens were sentenced and beheaded in the Tower.

Anne Boleyn asked that a skilled headsman be imported from France for her execution, and the wish was granted. Other prisoners were executed

with an axe, one of which can still be seen in the Tower, but the imported Frenchman used a sword, and so quickly and dexterously did he wield it that when he held up Anne's head, her lips were still moving in her final prayer. A number of the bystanders fainted.

Bluff King Hal's married life seems rather funny to us now, but its consequences were no laughing matter then. Henry was head of the newly established Church of England and all who refused to take an oath acknowledging him as such, were promptly imprisoned and executed for treason, not by the comparatively easy means of the headsman's axe, but by being drawn and quartered.

Thousands gladly suffered for Christ. The first to die were five priests who were executed at Tyburn on May 4, 1535, and from that time until the death of Blessed Oliver Plunket on July 11, 1681, the rope and knife were in constant use. Many were of the greatest men in the land, as St. John Fisher, St. Thomas More, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and Viscount Stafford. But many also were of the most lowly, such as the poor boatman who had helped a priest escape from prison. To facilitate the escape, the priest and his rescuer changed clothes, but a jailer met the boatman and recognized the clothes he was wearing. The poor man was arrested and soon afterwards executed at Tyburn, where he

showed great bravery. His name was John Roche.

The government was in constant fear of plots, and hence nearly always tortured Catholic prisoners. The torture took place in one of the lowest dungeons of the Tower, from which no sound could ever reach the world above. The rack is probably the best-known means of eliciting information, and it was in constant use in London's Tower. Edmund Campion was left on it a whole night, while the rack-master, Norton, boasted that he had stretched Father Briant a foot longer than nature had made him. A Jesuit lay-brother, Nicholas Owen, who had made the best of priests' holes in England, was tormented so violently that he died. The authorities gave out that he had committed suicide.

Two other tortures were in common use in the Tower, the Scavenger's Daughter, and the gauntlets. The first of these was invented by a lieutenant of the Tower, called Skeffington, and whereas the rack stretched its victim, the Scavenger's Daughter contracted him to a corresponding degree. The gauntlets were used to hang prisoners from a beam by their wrists and was probably one of the worst forms of torture to be found in the Tower. Yet, in spite of all these infernal instruments, there is no record of a priest breaking down and giving information that would lead to the arrest of his fellow-missionaries.

All these machines, and many others, can now be seen in the Tower and the tales concerning them are certainly not fiction. It is, therefore, with something of a surprise that we learn that they were illegal, and that the government often went to great pains to keep the public misinformed regarding their existence.

Only two priests managed to escape from the Tower during the penal days of England. They were Fathers Gerard and Arden. A cord had been smuggled in to them, and one dark night they threw this over the wall. A few friends were waiting in a boat and to the cord they attached a rope. The priests drew this up and made it fast to the battlements. Then they swung hand over hand along the rope to the outer wall from which it was easy to reach the boat. It was only the next day that the priests were missed, but by that time they were far away and the persecutors never found them again.

How Father Gerard accomplished this feat remains a mystery. He had been tormented on many successive days by the iron gauntlets, being allowed to hang for hours at a time. His hands were paralyzed and he only recovered the use of them three weeks after his escape. It was five months before his sense of touch returned.

Another thing for which the Tower of London is famous is the fact that the Crown Jewels, or Regalia, are kept there. They have long been associated

with the Tower, but in former days they were not so well guarded as they are now. In the reign of Charles II an attempt was made to steal them by a daring rascal named Colonel Blood.

The Colonel, disguised as a parson, suggested to Edwards, the guardian of the Jewels, that his nephew should marry the old man's daughter. Edwards agreed and one night Blood and three friends came to introduce the purely hypothetical nephew to the bride-to-be. The lady was not quite ready and so the Colonel asked Edwards to show his friends the Regalia.

Once in the room where the Jewels were kept, Edwards was clubbed and the villains went to work. Blood flattened out the Crown and put it in his pocket. One of the accomplices put the orb in the slack of his breeches and the other two filed the scepter in two so that they could carry it easily.

At this moment they were disturbed, but they managed to escape, Blood, dressed as a parson, shouting "Stop thief! Stop thief!" They were captured, however, shortly afterwards. The Colonel was not even jailed for this episode. Charles II treated the whole affair as a joke, and actually rewarded the man who stole his Crown. Blood was given 500 pounds a year for life and made a member of the king's bodyguard.

Today the Tower is a barracks and a museum, famous for guns, armor and the Yeomen of the Guard. A few men remember that some of the saddest pages of English history were written there. It is only the Catholic who knows it to be anything else. For to him it is the place where so many of his countrymen and ancestors suffered and died bravely and cheerfully. The Tower is their memorial.



BEGINNINGS . . . III . . .

New York

First Priest: St. Isaac Jogues, 1642.

First recorded Mass: By either Father Pierre Joseph Chaumonot, S.J., or Claude Dablon, S.J., at Pompey, Nov. 14, 1655.

First Baptisms: Indian children, by Father Simon Le Moyne, S.J., at Indian Hill, Onondaga Mission, Aug. 6, 1654.

Gilbert Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Wine and Song

By CONRADIN BURTSCHY, O.F.M.

Thimbles, bowls, lakes

Condensed from *Franciscans in China**

It must have been a little over 4,000 years ago when an absent-minded Chinese cook let his mind wander off one day to things that had no relation to the meal he was preparing. As the story goes, he had put some rice into an earthenware crock to soak. He placed this crock in a corner and forgot all about it. A few days later his nose was attracted by a strange odor which he traced to the soaked rice.

Not knowing whether the rice was still good or not, he tasted it and in so doing became conscious of a very pleasant feeling in his throat. He then took a few spoonfuls of the liquid and mechanically smacked his lips while he felt a delicious tingling sensation in his interior. After indulging in a few more cups of this liquid he began to feel as though he had not a care in the world and that life was worth living after all, even a cook's life.

This was followed, successively, by a dizzy feeling in the head, and a sudden inability to keep his mind on his work. A few hours later, when he failed to produce the noon meal on time, his master found him asleep under the table.

The cause for his negligence was investigated. News of the affair, with a sample of the potent liquid, reached

the emperor, who also sampled it and, to make sure that he was not dreaming, washed down the sample with a few more large goblets of the delicious drink. Soon he became very jovial and began laughing and joking with his ministers and servants who joined him in singing songs like *Sweet Adeline*, *Moonlight and Roses* and *The Stein Song* of the University of Maine.

But this was only the beginning. As for the end, it might be safe to say that the destiny of China hung on the accidental discovery of this liquid, which could so suddenly and completely change the entire aspect of things.

Just about that same time the emperor was sending out invitations to a big state dinner and he decided to serve this drink at the psychological moment when he planned that his recalcitrant ministers would acquiesce in certain proposals which he intended to make in relation to the government.

A great amount of this elixir of life was prepared and served in big soup bowls to the assembled dignitaries. Soon conviviality and high spirits reigned among the guests who in the end agreed to all the emperor's proposals. From the emperor's point of view the party was a huge success.

*Catholic Mission, Wuchang, Hupeh, China, and 501 Febr Ave., Louisville, Ky. Feb., 1939.

The custom in those days was that imperial audiences were held and state matters attended to at four o'clock in the morning, the reason being that at this hour men's minds are clearer and more alert.

However, on the morning after the wild party, the Son of Heaven woke up with a headache. So he proceeded to the Dragon Throne and waited for his ministers. It turned out to be a long and lonesome wait, and there is a limit to even an emperor's patience, so he sent messengers to find out what was holding up his courtiers. The messengers found that only a few of them had stirred out of what proved to have been the soundest slumber of their whole lives and those few awoke with terrible hangovers. So he made a rule which was to hold for the whole empire, that from that time on, this potent drink must be served in very small wine cups having a capacity of about two thimblefuls, in place of the large soup bowls which were used the night before.

This was a very wise rule on the face of it, but there was one loophole which his Majesty apparently overlooked. For unless either the wine or the drinker were locked up, there would be nothing to keep him from filling these small cups any number of times until he lost consciousness.

It seems, from the records, that this practice eventually became prevalent, and when conditions became too bad

through the realm, the great Emperor Yu decided to take drastic measures, especially when he found that his own daughter had begun to carry around a small bottle of the cheer-inducing liquid in her purse. His orders were that no more liquor was to be manufactured and that what was on hand had to be emptied into the sewers. His prophetic words on this occasion were: "The day will come when this vile art of wine making and viler custom of wine drinking will cost somebody a kingdom."

Emperor Yu was a great ruler. But sad to say, his 16 successors in the dynasty of Hsia failed to live up to the fine example set by their founder. So things went from bad to worse until after 400 years, in 1813 B. C., Chieh Kwei took his turn on the gold-plated teakwood throne. The once famous Hsia Dynasty had by this time lost all its prestige.

One bad thing about this Chinese Nero was that he was not blessed with a sufficiently sober and virtuous wife to curb his wicked impulses. Instead, she, who is known as Mo Hsi, even added fuel to the blaze which was rapidly eating away what was left of the empire.

Both of them spent more money on drink and more time getting themselves back into shape again after their nightly parties than they did in looking out for the welfare of their numerous subjects and in caring for the (to

them) less important affairs of state. One of their great pastimes was to have a huge lake filled to the brim with wine and then order their subjects, 3,000 at a time, to plunge into it and become intoxicated, while they looked on with flushed faces, glassy eyes, and dizzy minds.

Soon the people became dissatisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and there arose a great hero and reformer, Tang. He had handbills posted all over the kingdom, on which were written: "It is not I, the little child, who dares to undertake a rebellious enterprise; but for the many crimes of the

sovereign Hsia, heaven has given the charge to destroy him."

Soon Emperor Chieh Kwei and his consort, Mo Hsi, were captured and banished. So ended the Hsia Dynasty in the year 1766 B. C., as the model Emperor Yu had foretold. One may not be wrong in assuming that many of the other several dozen succeeding dynasties ended in disgrace for the same simple reason that the little thimblelike cups were filled too often. For this, though, we can hardly blame the wine. As Confucius says: "Intoxication is not the wine's fault but the man's."



G. K. in the Basement

The *Bookseller* recalls that in 1924 an enterprising manager invited G. K. Chesterton to lecture in the basement of his bookshop. "This," the writer mentions, "was somewhat rash, since the basement accommodated no more than about 50 people in less than comfort, even before Mr. Chesterton was lowered into it. We were among the 50 who waited for 20 minutes, impatiently, until a telephone message informed us that the great man's car had broken down under his weight, and that he was casting around for a taxi strong enough to complete the journey. This news enabled us to continue waiting with good humor and to greet his arrival with cheers."

"Naturally, there were many more than 50 people who wanted to hear Mr. Chesterton on *Books and Bonfires* (or on anything else, for that matter), and as many as could get in crowded the shop, sat on the stairs, or hung over the balustrade. Later comers reclined on the pavement outside, with their ears to the basement grating.

"After 15 years, we cannot remember which books Mr. Chesterton was or was not ready to make bonfires of; but we do recall that at question time, when an ardent inquiry came thundering down through the grating, he looked up for a moment, chuckled in that gleeful way of his, and said: 'I am not yet worthy to respond to voices from heaven.'"

Defenders of Motherhood

Original cost goes down

By MARIE O'DEA

Condensed from *St. Anthony Messenger**

Week after week the temptation had grown stronger. Somehow they had fought it through, had suffered the humiliation of living without the comforts that their less scrupulous neighbors enjoyed. Time and again their friends had reproached, even mocked them.

"You already have eight children. You simply can't take chances on a ninth. The little salary that you make doesn't take care of you properly now. How do you expect to pay maternity expenses if another baby comes along? Why don't you do like we do? Birth control was invented for people like you."

"But it's wrong," they had wailed. "Creation is in His hands, not ours."

Somewhat they had felt sure that Providence knew of their struggles, appreciated their plight. Surely He would "let this chalice pass" from them.

But now the appalling thing had happened. There was to be another child and these two faced the darkest and bitterest days of their lives. The news brought a chorus of "I told you so" comments. No one offered encouragement.

In despair they went to their pastor and poured out their tragedy. The priest's eyes kindled with compassion,

but mixed with his sympathy was the satisfaction of knowing that now there existed a solution.

"Have you heard of the new Maternity Guild? No? Then let me write down this name and address. This lady is president. You go to her and pay her \$10 for a year's Family Membership in the Maternity Guild. Very likely you won't have to pay it all at once. When the times comes you'll find that everything will be handled at a fraction of what it ordinarily would cost you."

During the months that followed their enrollment in the Maternity Guild, much of the worry dropped away. The wife went to the lectures on pre-natal and post-natal care and hygiene. Despite her experience with eight babies she learned many new suggestions for infant tending, sound and scientific ideas for building up strong bodies. Both husband and wife attended the lectures on Christian marriage, inspirations that raised their ideals above the sordid depression into which their home life had fallen.

Then when the great event took place, they found that the obstetrician's fee as well as part of the hospital expenses were paid by the Guild. Not only this, but a volunteer worker from

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. July, 1939.

the Guild went into the home and cared for the others. Never had a baby been born into a family more contented, more loving, more thoroughly Catholic.

"It seems incredible that one could have so much simply by joining the Maternity Guild."

At home the mother gazed appreciatively at the clean shining faces of her children gathered around her bed, straining for a peek at the little newcomer beside her.

"So much for so little," she said again.

It was a great deal and it was done only through a skillful application of careful planning and intelligent charity.

Funds for the Maternity Guild's work are raised principally through the various classes of membership. The amount of the offering for each class varies in the different branches now flourishing in 24 localities. The heart of the movement lies in the Family Membership wherein husband and wife jointly contribute from \$10 to \$25 a year. Since children usually arrive at approximately two-year intervals the Family Membership gift in the intervening years goes to help some other couple over their financial emergency.

Each Family Member is asked to recruit six sustaining Members who contribute \$1 yearly to the fund. Patrons give \$15 to \$25, and Founders, \$25 to \$50.

The Guild solicits physicians, nurses

and hospital managements as Associate Members. Those in this class contribute their cooperation in pre-natal and post-natal instruction and their obstetrical services at reasonable rates and fees. Although the Maternity Guild does not try to beat down unreasonably the charges of doctors, nurses and hospitals, it, nevertheless, presents a very good argument for reduced fees by guaranteeing cash payment. Doctors, in particular, welcome it and cooperate wholeheartedly.

The Maternity Guild promotes the primary end of marriage, the procreation and education of children. It is not an insurance organization but a mutually cooperative plan whereby the members assist one another with "respectable relief." It has accomplished these objects to a remarkable extent in its 7½ years of existence.

Back in October, 1930, a Redemptorist missionary priest and a troubled layman sat facing each other in a small rectory parlor.

"Father, my wife heard your sermon and we know that artificial birth-control is wrong. But here is my case. My earnings are never sufficient and hence the expenses incidental to a new arrival cannot be met easily. You see, I am earning money. And how people will talk if the wife of a wage earner goes to the hospital as a charity patient. We don't want that kind of charity. We want to pay our way but we cannot do so."

"How typical of the great mass of Catholics in the lower income groups," thought the priest.

That brief glimpse into the most serious of present-day Catholic family problems set Father Joseph J. Schagemann thinking.

When the famous Encyclical on *Christian Marriage* flashed around the world early in 1931, Father Schagemann hailed it as the exact solution. The plan of a Maternity Guild rapidly developed in his methodical mind.

In March, 1931, he gave a retreat to the graduate nurses at Providence Hospital, Sandusky, Ohio. At its close he added a special lecture, announcing publicly for the first time, the Maternity Guild plan. Three months later, in June, 1931, his superior fully sanctioned the project. On August 28 the newly-consecrated Bishop Karl J. Alter of Toledo approved the plan.

So far, most of the individual guilds have been promoted by the local units of the National Catholic Women's Union; some are operated by other organizations. Usually they are formed as parish societies but a few are community projects.

Auxiliary Bishop C. H. Winkelman of St. Louis established a guild in St. Francis de Sales parish there. He enlisted the cooperation of one hospital and of two physicians who were willing to take reduced fees. The whole project was placed under the sponsorship of the local Christian Mothers Society. Now, the Maternity Guild of St. Francis de Sales Christian Mothers Society has the cooperation of 29 doctors and five hospitals. The parish credit union assists with loans. In five years 178 babies have come into the world under the Guild's protection.

And so it goes, from New York to San Antonio, from Milwaukee to Baltimore. Every member from one end of the country to the other makes a special effort to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on October 16, the feast-day of St. Gerard Majella, the holy lay-brother patron of mothers.

Valiant Catholic men and women, organized in 24 young Maternity Guilds, are fighting 478 birth-control clinics. Even at this early stage they are making their presence felt. They are the shock troops defending the citadel of the Catholic family.

As to Heads and Hats

The reactionary says, "John wears a green hat now; John will always wear a green hat; he will wear it to bed; he will wear it during winter, spring, summer, autumn."

The liberal says, "Times are changing so much; give John a new head."

The Catholic solution says, "Let John keep his head, but give him a new hat."

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen.

Agnes Lamb, Domestic

Condensed from the Chicago *Catholic Worker**

Sold down the river

Let me tell you about my friend Agnes Lamb. Agnes is a domestic worker; she is maid, laundress, butler, housekeeper, nurse and everything else for the Webster family. She is typical of hundreds of thousands of other household workers throughout the country, ignored, overworked, exploited, and looked down upon.

Agnes isn't a girl who dislikes to work; God knows she has had to work hard and long all her life—and has enjoyed most of it. But when she began doing domestic work, the situation changed. (She has been doing housework now for three years.) The maid's job she has takes up most of her time, leaving her little or no leisure time. Thursday is her day off, but it takes two hours to reach her mother's home from the Webster apartment. The Websters live in the suburbs. And when she returns to work Friday morning, all of Thursday's dishes are stacked in the sink waiting to be washed, the beds to be made, and two days' work to be packed in on Friday.

Agnes would like to entertain some of her former school friends, but she doesn't usually finish working until about nine, and she has to fix Mr. Webster's breakfast at seven the next morning. So she doesn't find much time. Occasionally some of her friends

come to see her, and she has to receive her guests in the kitchen or in her small bedroom just off the laundry. Her salary precludes her going out; she receives \$8 a week, of which a dollar goes toward paying for a uniform. The Websters pay better wages than the last place she worked for; there she received only \$6. Many of Agnes' friends who are domestic workers receive even less than that.

Agnes is a little tremulous about going out in search of another job. If she were to quit this job and be unable to find another position immediately, she couldn't meet the interest payment on the money she borrowed from a loan shark to buy a winter coat.

The other day Mrs. Webster was unusually ill-tempered. It seems that Agnes was home all alone when simultaneously, the door bell and the telephone rang, the baby began to cry upstairs, the odor of burning vegetables came from the kitchen. Agnes is only human and couldn't do everything at once. The food burned; and Mrs. Webster was kept waiting on the phone. Agnes didn't dare to offer any explanation for her actions for fear Mrs. Webster might interpret them as being impertinent and might not give Agnes any "references" in case she was fired.

About a year ago Agnes and a few other girls started a union. When the employers found out, they threatened to fire the girls, and the union was forced to disband. (Domestic workers do not fall under the Wagner Act.) Because she is a household employee Agnes is ineligible for old age pensions or unemployment insurance; the state of Illinois does not protect her with minimum wage and maximum hour provisions, and household workers are not included in the provisions for accident compensation.

Something occurred the other day that makes Agnes a little more hopeful that Mrs. Webster will change her attitude. It seems that Mrs. Webster, who works her maid on the basis of a 70-80 hour week, was quite irritated and surprised when the plumber told her that he "must knock off" at five on account

of union regulations on working time.

In all fairness to the housewife, she in many cases puts in a long day herself. She isn't a mean, callous person, but merely follows the conventions and customs of the community she lives in. She, like most employers in our capitalistic system, has forgotten the inherent dignity of the human individual, has treated human labor as just another commodity on the market to be sold at the auction block like all other marketable goods. Too often, in fact, so often that we have to keep apologizing for them, Catholic housewives have disregarded the traditional concept of a supernatural fellowship of souls known as the mystical Body which includes the colored maids as well as bridge players.

Perhaps Mrs. Webster ought to exchange places with Agnes for a while.

Optimist

Then there is the story of two thirsty men who came upon a flask of water filled to the mid-mark.

"Ah," said one dolefully, "'tis half empty!"

"Not so," declared his companion, holding it aloft in triumph, "'tis half full!"

The Medical Missionary (June '39).

Adolf Comes of Age

My children know the Fuehrer as a man, who orders all things, rules all things, who built the world. The Fuehrer is for my children that visible Being which we as children were taught to recognize as God.

A mother in Unterammergau quoted in *Kulturkampf* (26 May '39).

"To the One True God"

By JOSEPH SANDHAAS, S.V.D.

Condensed from *Fu Jen**

Beauty should lead to truth

In no country of the world is a greater abundance of temples and deities to be found than in China. In no city of China are such shrines more plentiful or more beautiful than in old Peking. And, of those in Peking none is nearly so grand, so magnificent, so radiant in its simple, majestic splendor as is the Temple of Heaven, the colossus among them. What is more important, though less readily realizable, is the fact that this Temple is really a cathedral consecrated to the one, true, personal God, a monument to monotheism in the most idolatrous country of the world.

The worship of Shang Ti, the "Supreme Emperor," God, was China's first religion, a heritage founded 2,000 years before the advent of Christ, about the time that Abraham set forth from Ur of the Chaldees. In that nebulous dawn of human history the warrior chiefs of the state offered priestly sacrifice on some simple mound to Shang Ti in essentially the same manner as Yuan Shih Kai offered it for the last time in 1914.

Since then the smoke of sacrifice has risen there no more, since only the Emperor of China might presume to make sacrifice to the Supreme Emperor, also named Heaven, who gave

him the mandate over the whole earth. This transition is of historic and religious import inasmuch as it marks the disappearance of the greatest sacrifice of the Confucian State religion of China after it had endured approximately 4,000 years in essentially unchanged form. Further, though most of the lesser deities of this State religion are still worshipped today, yet all the so-called "Great Sacrifices" of the system, the sacrifice to Earth, to the Imperial Ancestors, to the gods of soil and grain, have necessarily likewise died out for want of an imperial High Priest. China is now a republic.

Whither, then, does China tend? With Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism in an almost moribund state, she is abandoning all her gods. In fact, the reaction against the superstitions of the past bids fair to make science the practical god of China.

No painter's brush, no marble frieze or colorful tapestry exists to present us with a picture of the sacrifice at the Temple of Heaven where the most solemn ritual ever devised by man was enacted once a year—the time of the Western Christmas. This date, the winter solstice, the time of the longest night and the shortest day of the year, when the "light and warmth of nature

*176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. June, 1939.

are reborn again," is a time of natural blessing from the great deity, Supreme Heaven.

On this same, long night, in the most hushed silence, the Emperor, Son of Heaven and Heaven's only qualified priest, set out from the Winter Palace in the capital with a magnificent retinue of princes, grandes, officers and troops for the distant temple. There, in the Hall of Abstinence, this divinely-descended priest would spend the night in meditation and prayer. No foreigner might be present at the rite; no one might even look upon him as he passed.

The awful moment of midnight with its accompanying "rebirth of the forces of nature," especially of the sun's light and warmth after the winter solstice, finds the Priest-Emperor on the triply-terraced, marble Altar of Heaven, the largest in all the world. Under the open vault of heaven that serves as its worthy canopy, in full sight of the God of Heaven, this radiant marble jewel gleams in the light of numberless torches. It is quite round, 210 feet in diameter, and is placed at the exact center of the earth (thought to be square). Its four approaches of steps exactly face the four cardinal points. It has been made geometrically perfect and is the combined handiwork of astronomers, architects and magicians.

Bearing in his hands a scepter of jade, symbol of his sovereignty and divine descent, the Emperor solemnly

advances into the pale light of the great horn lanterns on the altar to worship the "invisible Power resident in the visible heavens." All eyes are riveted on this supreme and only intercessor who now kneels before the tablet of Shang Ti, Supreme Heaven. Should this only interceder prove unacceptable to Heaven, no hope remains for all the earth.

For the first time we now hear from the company that has arrived from the Hall of Musicians nearby and they chant a solemn hymn that might well remind us of our *Veni, Creator Spiritus!* (Come, Creator Spirit!) for it is an invitation to the Supreme Being to come and be present during the sacrifice prepared for Him. After the invitation has been accepted the Emperor kneels, strikes his forehead repeatedly on the ground, then offers sacrifice of the best that the land can offer: incense, costly jade, silk, broth and rice spirits. Meantime, a prayer is solemnly read, and lesser sacrifices are performed by officials of the realm. Finally, the sacrifices are completely burned in special furnaces or metal braziers near-by. One more sacrifice is specially directed to Shang Ti, that of a bullock without blemish which is slaughtered and offered as a holocaust in a huge furnace of green porcelain, some nine feet high.

As has been said, the original monotheistic sacrifice to God under the name of Supreme Heaven became overshad-

owed by superstition in the course of time. While the main prayers of this rite were addressed to a single, personal and supreme God, a host of lesser spirits were also accorded divine honors on the same occasion. This, then, is China's Animism, her Nature Worship.

The original belief of the Chinese did not regard Heaven itself as a mere "power of nature," nor yet as a personification of Heaven; neither is it to be interpreted as fate, or an abstraction, or pantheism. Some very ancient texts are a clear refutation of this belief. Chinese commentators on the ancient texts unanimously say that the "Sovereign on High" and "Heaven" are the same being. Another indication of the personal nature of Heaven is found in the ancient written character for "Heaven," which, having the form of a man, strongly speaks for a personal deity.

But now the sacrifice is over. The 2,000 officials are leaving; the Emperor mounts his chariot to return to the Winter Palace and we are at liberty to inspect the rest of the temple compound. The most lovely sight of all is the Hall of Annual Prayers (often spoken of as the Temple of Heaven). This has been rightly called "the noblest example of religious architecture in the whole of China." Springing

up from a three-tiered marble terrace, the Temple rises 99 feet (the height at which benevolent spirits fly) into the air, a magnificent, triple-roofed, azure-tiled, gold-capped shrine. The forests of Oregon supplied the gigantic pine pillars that uphold the azure blue roof which looks so much like the blue vault of heaven. The structure was ten years in building and 20,000,000 taels of silver (\$15,000,000) are said to have been expended on the masterpiece.

Deeply impressed is the traveler who has seen the Temple of Heaven, one of the wonders of the world. Will China, which now has 3,000,000 Catholics, return again to her original monotheism and also accept the true faith of Revelation? A nation so rapidly losing its religion is in grave danger. She must not only banish the error of an old religion but also accept the right new form.

The work of Christianization is proceeding more rapidly than ever before. What a triumph it would be if, when the next International Eucharistic Congress is held in the Far East, the "Superior Man" sought in the Confucian system should prove to be Christ, the King! Then indeed would the radiant Altar of Heaven be the fitting altar for the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the only Sacrifice acceptable to Supreme Heaven, the one true God!

Show me the way to go

Leaving Home

By A. W. COLE

Condensed from *St. Joseph Magazine**

Our Saviour told the parable of *The Prodigal Son*, as recorded in the New Testament, and with which all Christians are familiar. The son left home and, after various stages of disaster and punishment, returned home again, to the joy of his father.

Speaking in modern phraseology, this prodigal son as he stood there by the hog corral, hungry enough to eat the corn husks, had two things in his favor. He knew where his father's house was, and he knew the way to get there. A pitiful fact today, in our own U. S., and the entire world, is that there are many millions of prodigal sons who are hungry and want to go home, but they know neither where home is, nor the way to get back there.

I would like to tell you the story of the O'Gradys, the story of my Irish ancestors. My name is not O'Grady, but it is an old Irish name, as well known as O'Grady.

The first O'Grady of my story lived not far from the Giant's Causeway in northern Ireland, and the story starts about the first of the 17th century. O'Grady was a common laboring man. Common people were just beginning to discover that kings, queens and barons were only ordinary men and women. They remembered the years of oppres-

sion and the "divine right of kings." The reaction was just exactly that of our own past "prohibition" era, loss of respect for law. With this first O'Grady, loss of respect for the laws of king or queen led to a questioning of all laws, including the law of his Catholic Church, the law given by Christ.

About this time, an ambitious and unprincipled monk of the Catholic Church in Germany began to capitalize on the almost universal unrest of the times, even as the Communist of today is taking advantage of the same situation. More than this, about 400 years ago the printing press began to function, and the first O'Grady learned to read. The German monk placed a faulty copy of the Catholic Bible in his hands, and the hands of a million other O'Gradys. The monk said, in essence, "Now you have a Bible of your own. Read it, and be independent of priest or Church." My own ancestor, the O'Grady of northern Ireland, and many other Irishmen in northern Ireland, fell for the plausible fallacy.

With a few other Irishmen who agreed with him more or less, O'Grady left the Giant's Causeway and showed up in the New World, at Plymouth, Mass. They now had "freedom to wor-

*Mt. Angel P. O., St. Benedict, Ore. July, 1939.

ship God," and also freedom to quarrel about what God wanted men to do. As in the old country around Belfast, there were as many fights over religion in Plymouth as there were Puritans with Bibles.

O'Grady, and the next generation of O'Gradys, moved all over eastern Massachusetts, hoping to find people who would agree with them on religious matters. One young O'Grady got on a horse with his young wife and didn't stop till he found some good farm land vacant way up in northern New Hampshire. There, with young O'Grady, were about 50 other pioneer families. All were Protestants, the followers of that deluded German monk of 400 years ago. Each family had its Bible, King James version or some other faulty translation. Each family had its own ideas of God's laws—no, not even that, for father and mother often quarreled over what such and such a verse of the Bible meant.

All families agreed on one thing: that they should have a church building and a preacher. The brand of preacher was decided by the families who had money enough to pay him a salary. The Methodist families were nearly always the more prosperous ones, and so Methodist preachers served there, nearly all the time, in a "Union" church building. It is that same way today.

Sometimes there would be no money to pay the preacher. On Sundays when

there was no preacher, some bearded farmer would climb up into the pulpit, read his Bible, and tell the other farmers what he thought it meant as a rule for moral conduct. Some of his congregation might argue with him. The inevitable result was that no one had much respect for the Church any more, and religion played a very small part in their lives.

Now, what kept the people of this township on the right track? They were, for many years, upright and moral people. Even though, as a practical fact, they had no Church guidance at all. I believe it was the force of public opinion. The teachings of the Catholic Church still survived in their memories.

About 1890, God saw fit to send two plagues upon this township: the plague of greed and the plague of birth control.

About that same time I began to notice and remember things. Also, to ask questions. I listened to the old people talking of the good old times, especially the dances, the corn-huskins, and other social affairs. There was little of this in 1890. Seldom even social calls. Each family lived an almost solitary life. I inquired of my mother, when I grew older, why this was so, and she told me it had happened gradually. For instance, a man of the town, of very low moral character, prospered financially. Many farmers were in debt to him, for one

reason or another. If a social affair came off at all, this man with his low associates would dominate the proceedings. The decent people couldn't afford to offend him, so no social affairs were planned.

The power and evil of money made itself felt in many other ways. A system of "caste" developed. There were just three families in the whole township with whom my parents were on any terms of intimacy.

Then along came birth control about 1890. The woman who had even one baby was laughed at, and called old-fashioned.

My grandfather was one of a family of 13 children; my father was an only child; I had no brothers myself and only one sister. In 1890 there were 31

male voters named O'Grady, all with families. In 1938, my little son is the last of the family. There were only three males in my generation. All married, but I am the only one who has any children.

But, in 1938, it appears that birth control has not yet wiped out all the followers of the German monk of the 16th century. There are many millions of "Prodigal Sons" today; hungry, and not knowing the way to go home.

God was kind to one of the O'Gradys. One of His searchers found the O'Grady who is writing this story.

(The "Finis" to this story of the O'Grady who found the way back home has been written by the hand of death. Mr. Cole died last Dec. 8—Ed.)



Parental Responsibilities

When a Chinese minor, even in this country, is brought to book for an offense against the law, it is the father of the boy who appears in court. He accepts full responsibility for his son's action, and is the guarantor of the youngster's future conduct. Each Chinese father is a potential probation officer as far as his own family is concerned. Paternal responsibility is not a meaningless phrase to the Chinese.

I wish that our fathers and mothers felt the same way about their children. Our juvenile delinquency arises largely from the fact that the parents of the offenders seem to have no responsibility whatsoever. Yet it should be plain that those who are responsible for the presence of the child in the world ought to be responsible for its every act until it reaches its majority, and I dare say that if parents were charged with the crimes and social failures of their children, if they were haled into court, abused, and incarcerated in prisons, there would be a good deal less in the way of youthful crime.

No. 1 Economic Problem

By LAWRENCE LUCEY

Condensed from the *Sign**

The root of all evil

For six years the New Deal has tried to "democratize" industry while working within our present monetary system. The New Deal has failed because it attempted to rebuild the top floors of our economy on a financial foundation incapable of supporting them. It has tried to "democratize" industry and leave money alone—and that cannot be done.

Hilaire Belloc wrote: "The system of making currency 'out of nothing,' of making paper instruments of credit, virtually controls the modern world. The monopoly of credit, falling progressively into fewer and fewer hands, holds the levers on which we all depend, and the monopolists of credit are the real masters of the State. This is, on the surface, only a political evil, and it is remote from the ordinary man. The ordinary man, living on a wage, may feel that he is being exploited by the capitalist with whom he deals. He has no way of seeing or feeling that the whole of society is also being exploited far more thoroughly by the controllers of credit, who draw tribute from all men and who can open or close the throttle of industrial energy at will."

Probably the Catholic writer with the most experience in finance is Rich-

ard Dana Skinner. He writes: "The Pope of Rome has spoken about it (the financial aspect of social justice). But too many of his followers have ignored the plain implications of his words. The moralists have accepted his sociological teachings. They have rushed, too, to the defense against the visible tides of Communism. But they have been singularly myopic when confronted with the Pope's words about finance in the modern world, and what it contributes to exaggerate social injustice. Perhaps they do not understand. Perhaps they recoil from the alleged mysteries of an economics founded on debt and on debt-created money."

"It has seemed to me, from many long years of study of the modern debt problem, that a change in our financing methods is a condition precedent to any other program of permanent social betterment."

Money is the most important element in our economy for it is at the bottom of every business transaction. No matter what businesses you mention they all require money as the motivating force. When you complain about labor not receiving a living wage, you mean that workers are not receiving sufficient money to provide a decent living. When you complain about our unem-

ployment problem, you mean that 12,000,000 people are not receiving money on pay day.

A striking fact about money is that the amount of it in the U. S. fluctuates from day to day and from year to year. According to the *World Almanac*, which publishes data gathered by the Federal Reserve Board, there was almost \$57 billion on deposit in all the banks in 1928. In 1933 there was almost \$38 billion on deposit. Between 1928 and 1933 the amount of money in the nation declined by one-third.

From 1933 to the present time the amount of money in the nation increased from \$38 billion to approximately \$52 billion. There is much more money on deposit in our banks today, mainly because of Government borrowing, than there was in 1933, but there is about \$5 billion less than there was in 1928. Since there are some 10 million more residents of the U. S. today than there were in 1928, it would appear to be necessary to have more money now than then to finance the purchases and increased activity needed by these 10 million.

This fact about money, its fluctuating volume, reveals that there was more money on deposit in our banks in 1928, the most prosperous *full* year this nation has ever known. Again, there was less money on deposit in 1933, the worst year of the depression, than at any time since 1922. With the increase in business between 1933 and

1937 the amount of money also expanded each year. Then when the recession set in in 1938 the volume of money declined again.

These facts show us that the volume of money, the amount on deposit in our banks, expands when the business curve points upward and contracts when the business curve points downward. Because this expansion and contraction of the volume of money harmonizes with the expansion and contraction of the business index, national income and employment figures, a large group of people in the U. S. have been persuaded to believe in the quantitative theory of money. We believe that by increasing the volume of money in the nation until a point is reached where there is enough money to finance the businesses that will employ the jobless, and by managing the amount of money in the nation, we can prevent booms and slumps.

The first discovery we make when we try to increase the volume of money in the nation is that the U. S. Government issues only a fraction of our money, about 4%, while the remaining 96% is issued by the 12 Federal Reserve and the 15,000 commercial banks. The U. S. Government issues coins and bills up to \$10, amounting to about \$2 billion of the \$52 billion on deposit in our banks. Bills for more than \$10 are issued by the private Federal Reserve Banks. (Look at a bill and read the writing on it.) Credit money is

created, to use Hilaire Belloc's phrase, "out of nothing" by 15,000 commercial banks.

After discovering that the 96% of our money is created and issued by private banks, we ask ourselves why this should be permitted. Are not these banks just as private in their nature as are insurance companies, railroads, law firms, brokerage houses (all regulated by the Government), etc.? Why not permit private concerns to issue money also? Why not permit them to obtain money for the cost of printing in the case of currency, and the cost of book-keeping in the case of credit money? Why should the right to issue money be delegated solely to the central and commercial banks? Why should an insurance company, a railroad, a law firm, a brokerage house or any other private business be guilty of the crime of counterfeiting if they were to issue money while private banks are permitted to do so?

We believe that the power to issue money is as public in its nature as the power to enact laws. Because of this we contend that the Government should issue every cent of money that circulates in this U. S. The Constitution of the U. S. took the power to issue money away from the States and gave it to Congress. Congress should exercise this power.

There is a great distinction between lending money and issuing money, though these two are tied together

when a commercial bank creates and issues money by the very act of lending a borrower a checking account. If you were to take a \$10 bill from your pocket and lend it to me there would be no new money created and issued by this loan. Your loan to me would not increase the amount of money in the nation by \$10. When an insurance company lends money it does not create and issue but it uses pre-existing money. A savings bank, as distinguished from a commercial bank, also lends money but is unable to issue it. We who advocate Government-issued money are not opposed to the loans made by individuals, insurance companies or savings banks. We are not opposing commercial loans because money is being lent, but because money is being created by this type of loan.

How do we know commercial banks create money by loans? This is now admitted by every authority on banking though it was denied some years back. All that is needed to verify this statement is to find out that there is less than \$7 billion of currency in circulation while there is about \$52 billion on deposit in our banks. The difference between the \$7 billion of coins and bills, currency, and the \$52 billion on deposit in our banks has been created by commercial loans.

A commercial bank does not use pre-existing money to make a loan as you and I and all other private citizens and the Government do. A commercial

bank surrenders nothing on lending a borrower a checking account. A commercial bank uses "fountain pen" money to make a loan while you and I and other private citizens and the Government on making a loan must surrender real, pre-existing money to the borrower.

When a loan is made by a commercial bank the amount of money in the nation is increased. When this loan is paid the amount of money in the nation contracts. Thus, the volume of money in the nation is contracting and expanding every day. The amount of money in the nation rises and falls with the creation and payment of debts.

Students of money, such as former Congressman Charles Binderup and Professor Irving Fisher, have discovered that the 26 depressions America has experienced since Alexander Hamilton inaugurated the present monetary system were preceded by a contraction of the amount of money in the nation. Because every depression we have experienced during our 150 years has been preceded by a contraction in the amount of money, such as the one-third drop between 1928 and 1933, we believe that the only method to restore prosperity now and prevent future depressions is to prohibit the amount of money from contracting.

To do this it is necessary to prohibit commercial banks from lending money they do not have on deposit, to stop

them from lending \$10 for every dollar of currency they own. Commercial banks should be required to lend money in the same manner as do you and I and the Government. For every dollar a commercial bank lends it should own \$1. This is called the 100% reserve system. If there is \$52 billion on deposit in our banks there must be \$52 billion of currency in the nation, and not less than \$7 billion as there is today.

Before the Government can increase the amount of money in the nation so that as much or more may be placed on deposit in our banks than there was in 1928, it is necessary to do two things: (1) have the Government issue every penny we use as money instead of issuing only coins and bills up to \$10 —4% of our money, as it presently does; (2) take the power to lend \$10 for every \$1 a commercial bank has on deposit away from the commercial banks and make them lend money backed dollar for dollar by currency as insurance companies, savings banks, the Government and everyone else does.

With these two principles enacted into law, a Government monetary agency could then begin paying newly issued money into circulation by using it to pay some of the Social Security benefits, WPA wages and relief grants. Instead of borrowing money from the Federal Reserve Banks for these purposes the Government should create

and issue it on its own authority.

This process of paying new money into circulation without an interest charge at its source should be continued until a point is reached where all the productive agencies in America are operating at their capacity and the 12 million unemployed are working. When this point is reached, the Government should stop issuing money until there is further demand for it by an increase in the population and productive wealth of the nation.

We who know that the monetary system is at the bottom of this depression and was the cause of every previous depression America has experienced, do not want to nationalize banks. We do not desire to make banking unprofitable. We are just as anxious to help the banker as we are

to help the industrialist, the farmer and the laborer. Bankers and their employees are human beings with a natural right, given to them by God, to earn a decent living. We do not wish to cut their incomes.

I am interested in taking the power to create and issue money from the banks and in placing this power in the hands of the Government so that the amount of money in the nation cannot fluctuate from day to day and from boom to slump as it presently does.

Catholics should study our monetary system, become leaders in this field of thought, and then demand that Congress enact a decent, intelligent monetary law. Money and credit, said Pope Pius XI, are "the life blood to the entire economic body" and "the very soul of production."

Crucifixion of Spain

The number of innocent people brutally sacrificed by the Red hordes in Spain reaches up into the 70,000's; the number of priests murdered or burnt, according to the last statistics, is about 17,000; while that of the religious is estimated to be between 28,000 and 30,000; the number of churches destroyed, burnt or shamefully desecrated is no less than 28,000.

J. Gonzalez, O.M.I., in *Mary Immaculate* (May '39).

Loot for "Loyalists"

When the Reds were fleeing from Spain to France, the Bank of Spain requested the French customs officials to seize a number of trunks. Six trunks, each marked "Diplomatic Valise of Alvarez del Vayo," were opened by the authorities. The Minister of Foreign Affairs in Spain's Red Government, if the trunks were his, had tried to make off with jewels, gold coins and bars, monstrances, chalices, ciboria, a crown evidently from a statue of the blessed Virgin, and other treasures.

The *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (July '39).

Put together by the King

Humpty Dumpty

By J. RALPH ARNOLD

Condensed from the *Grail**

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
And all the king's horses
And all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Like so many fairy stories, this fable finds verification in history. Sir Egg in this tall tale was hopelessly lost for this world and all earthly powers had simply to be content to mourn the passing of a good man and let it go at that. But to really make history by falling from the heights to the depths, Humpty was centuries too late. In fact, the first man that walked on God's good earth clinched that title by injuring himself beyond human powers of reconstruction.

When Sir Egg hit the pavement the impact produced many regrettable results. He had been such a good fellow, but look at the mess he made. From a beautiful object with symmetry, proportion, and beautiful curves, he became a heap of broken lines, jagged edges. His exterior appearance was materially altered and his interior contents were badly shaken up, so that he could not pass on his former excellent capabilities to posterity.

Now Adam, too, before his fall was a good egg. He had come from the creative hand of God, a perfect specimen. He was happy because his life

was well ordered. All his being was in harmony with the divine will. The senses were under perfect control of the reason; they did not have an insatiable appetite for things contrary to right reason. Nature administered to his wants without the drudgery of unpleasant labor. He had whatever knowledge he desired. Adam and his posterity were to be happy forever. Then came the sorry Humpty Dumpty catastrophe.

Much the same ill effects followed upon the fall of the first man as are attributed to Sir Egg's unfortunate accident; however, Adam's sin had a much more lamentable effect. We know from the account of the incident in Paradise that not only our first parents but all their surroundings were affected by the act of disobedience to God. St. Paul portrays nature as "groaning and travailing in pain" ever since the first man's sin. Our first parents, too, felt the burden of their sin by exterior changes, in the fatigue and illness of the body. But it was in their spiritual faculties that they were most grievously afflicted. Their minds knew for the first time the fog of ignorance and their wills fought desperately the battle against the new found powers of the senses. The appetitive tendencies,

*St. Meinrad, Ind. July, 1939.

no longer able to be appeased in the spiritual realm because their close contact with the divine will had been destroyed, searched greedily for satisfaction in any place it could be found. This same loss of mastery by the spiritual over corporal life in man resulted in death coming into the world.

These results of sin which so overwhelmed Adam after he had cut himself off from divine goodness by denying God's dominion over him, have been passed to all children of Adam. This fall was fatal to the spiritual life of our first parents, so that all children born since then have been born spiritually dead. Our friend Humpty Dumpty was beyond repair to all the king's horses and all the king's men; neither Adam nor any of his descendants could be mended until the Creator Himself, the King of Kings, "by dying destroyed our death."

The unity of the human race which causes every man born today to feel the effect of original sin within himself, is that same unity which would have given every man the fruits of Adam's fidelity had he remained true. Adam was the head of the human race be-

cause he was the fountain of human nature itself; in him as a source existed the whole race of men. Consequently, the whole stream of humanity was infected with the poison of the sin which he committed while acting as the head of the body of men. Man had taken the laws of morality into his own hands, setting himself up as a judge of good and evil, so God left him to his own resources. It is original sin then, which causes man today to judge his conduct by his own norms rather than the commandments of God, with the result that man's existence is a miserable sham of unsatisfying pleasures. For, despite the powers which drag him down, man's ultimate end still lies in the attainment of the sublime union with God which is the only true happiness.

All these debilitating circumstances of that sin have been ameliorated by the redeeming blood of Christ. He has made it possible to remove the guilt of sin before God, which all men received in Adam. But ignorance and disease and concupiscence will continue to be a gaunt reminder to every man of the horrors of sin.

A provincial of the Order of Friars Minor, who recently had to go on a long inspection tour of Franciscan houses, was induced to use the airplane to save time. When he took his seat in a plane, a good-looking young man came in and sat beside him.

"I suppose you know me. I'm Clark Gable," said the newcomer, offering his hand.

"I never heard of you, but I'm glad to meet you," said the Father Provincial.
The Register (25 June '39).

Stalin leads with his left

Soviet Fake

By GENE TUNNEY

Condensed from *America**

In Flushing meadows there has been erected the New York World's Fair. Up from the center of the New York World's Fair rises the imposing Soviet Republics building. It has a commanding, gigantic and dramatic figure on the top holding aloft a red star. The figure is made of stainless steel, and, so it is said, the star is of rubies. Commensurate with its dramatic quality is its compelling position. It towers over everything else in this World of Tomorrow.

I decided to see what this colossus of Tomorrow's World contained within its imposing portals. I was surprised to see the great number of men and women with the same curiosity. All were impressed and I regret to report that from what I could see the impression was favorable.

As one enters that large upper portal and turns to the right, one sees an enormous room, on the end wall of which is a large map of the Soviet Socialist Republics made of the semi-precious and precious stones mined in the "Republics," and "found" in the homes of those "cowards" who fled the Revolution hurriedly. There are emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, pearls, amethysts, topaz, lapis lazuli, etc. These tend actually to show the

wealth of Russia. Then the map is marked to show where the oil, gold, silver, copper, coal, iron, etc., is located and mined. The richness of the map is dazzling. One is impressed.

Moving to the left, one sees a large panorama mural of the country around Moscow with the Kremlin in the background, and in the foreground a great collection of singing, laughing, dancing, well clothed, well shod and gay peasants, proletariat, scientists, industrialists, soldiers, politicians, mothers and children, all gamboling and frolicking in great festive spirit. It is undoubtedly festival time for the Soviet Republics. Doesn't the well-executed mural indicate this abundantly?

I heard a man ask one of the well groomed attendants, "Is it true that the people of Russia dress like that? Have they shoes like those? Do the little children carry flowers as they are there depicted, and is everybody smiling and happy as portrayed?" The attendant answered smilingly and in fair English, "Why of course our people have clothes and shoes and flowers just like you Americans and we smile and laugh because we are happy. You see, there is no unemployment in Russia. The State furnishes a job for everybody. There are no worries."

My American friend, the interrogator, must have been born with a diabolical sense of humor for he replied, "Well, I am an engineer and I've just returned from Russia where I spent three and one-half years, and I'd like you to know that I never saw anybody dressed like those people in that mural, nor have I ever seen any children gamboling with flowers or smiling and laughing. As a matter of fact I never heard a laugh in the whole three and one-half years. This is complete rot and nonsense." The attendant was nonplussed—but not for long. He turned his back and fled with as much haste as his dignity would permit.

The engineer merely echoed my own sentiments. During my Russian trip (1931), people for the most part were shod in burlap bagging and attired in cover-all smocks with as much fashion design as a horse blanket. The ubiquitous soldiers were both well clothed and well shod, and from their appearance, fairly well fed.

Proceeding from room to room one became more impressed by the effrontery of the obvious propaganda than by the objects in the exhibit themselves. For instance, there is a huge tractor stuck in the middle of a large room that evidently never operated, though it looks worn out and weather-beaten. And the photo-murals from room to room showing gigantic engineering accomplishments and, incidentally, laughing people from all the

races that make up the Soviet Socialist Republics.

We come to the likenesses of Lenin and Stalin, and the sayings of both engraved in marble. The inscription of Lenin, substantially, proclaims that, not until Socialism is an established working fact, will mankind enjoy full life and happiness. "The Russian Revolution in its final result must lead to the victory of Socialism." In answer, Stalin declares that, at last, he can say that the people of the Soviets have all the benefits of pure Socialism, "For the U. S. S. R., Socialism is something already achieved and won." A prediction by Prophet Lenin and a verification by Successor Stalin.

Left unsaid is the inscription on the wall of the anti-religious museum in Leningrad: "Religion is the opiate of the people." Apparently the potential converts of the U. S. are not quite ready for that, yet.

Finally, after passing a model of the Soviet Palace, a proposed building to be higher than the Empire State, with a 300-foot figure of Prophet Lenin atop, we come to the replica of a Moscow subway station. It is finished in black marble, mirrors and chromium steel. It reminded me of the bathroom in the royal suite of the *Conte di Savoia*. Incidentally, the Moscow subway is just one mile long.

Upon passing out through the lower portal and again entering America, one's first impulse is for a breath of

free air, after which one ponders how a colossal fake like the Soviet Pavilion was ever allowed to be built on American territory. For here is an edifice built by a Government whose only purpose in building is to spread the type of propaganda that would lead to the overthrow, peacefully or by violence, of our American form of Government. This Soviet Government whose leaders are the self-confessed bank robbers who scuttled the liberal revolution of Kerensky; the same gang of noble-minded gentlemen who starved to death three to five million Russian Kulaks during the winter of 1932-1933; who have conducted the endless purge, taking countless thousands of lives in Russia and

out of it; who have just finished looting the Spanish people of \$538 million in gold, and heaven knows how much in works of art, while pretending to protect them from Fascism! These same humanitarians, or their agents, made the deal with the management of the World of Tomorrow for the space and building they have erected. All America is asking: "How come?"

I dare say that that ludicrous Pavilion with its poisonous propaganda creates more ill will for the Fair management among true Americans than if they had engaged a group of muckers at each exit to slap the face of every religionist as he left the grounds.



A Soldier's Gratitude

The wounded soldiers in China always seemed so grateful. They had little or nothing they could give us in token of their appreciation, but they wanted to do something.

One poor man was lying on the ground with a foot so badly torn that even the nerves were exposed. The wound was literally alive with maggots devouring the proud flesh, and although this is excellent treatment for wounds, it is dreadfully painful. I began to pick out some of the maggots with my tweezers, and he groaned or even cried as the nerves were touched. But he urged me to continue and clean out the wound.

When I had put the last bit of bandage in place he began to fumble at the pocket of his uniform, trying to unbutton it. I could not imagine what he wanted to do, so waited patiently. Finally, he got the pocket open and carefully extracted from it what seemed to be his most prized possession. With a very solemn air he offered it to me. It was a cigarette!

Lord, That I May Hear

By THOMAS W. CONNOLLY, C.M.

Condensed from the *Vincentian**

And the dumb speak

Somewhere on a long-forgotten day in Galilee or Judea some poor deaf mute must have pleaded deep within his soul as the Son of David passed by, "Lord, that I may hear!" And Christ in His mercy had heard his prayer. Yesterday, today, that same cry comes from the soul of the deaf mute, and God has deigned to hear his cry in a wonderful way.

Until comparatively recent times in the history of our civilization little attention had been paid to the problems of deaf mutes. Through the centuries there had been little success in either analyzing or remedying their handicaps. What made theirs a particularly poignant problem was the fact that in being born deaf they lost the use of another faculty, that of speech. As a result their minds could never develop along normal lines. The tragedy is heightened with the realization that congenital deafness does not physically affect the mind nor does it physically impair the vocal chords. In other words, the person born deaf possessing normal powers of intellect and normal vocal facilities was condemned to silence for he could neither understand the spoken word nor speak himself. He must remain a "dummy" all his life, since no one had found a way to develop these

faculties for him. Finally, in the 18th century, the Abbe de l'Epee and Samuel Heinicke founded two systems of educating deaf mutes, both opposed to each other and existing in practice today. A justly famous school that has for a number of years been educating deaf mutes according to the principles of Samuel Heinicke is known as St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf Mutes.

Here, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet carry on a work begun over 100 years ago in the archdiocese of St. Louis. St. Joseph's is not a home or an asylum for deaf people. Essentially it is a school, where young deaf boys and girls are given special training to help them overcome their handicap and lead as normal a life as possible within society and not outside of it.

Obviously there is the difficulty of teaching a congenitally deaf person to converse with ordinary people. Far more important is the obligation of impressing on these children their moral obligations. It was for this very reason that the saintly Vincentian missionary bishop, Rosati, brought the sisters from France.

In facing these problems the sisters always consider the effect that deafness has had on the child's character and outlook on life. The younger child

*1605 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. July, 1939.

deafened by disease becomes what is termed "spoiled," demanding more than his share of attention. The older child suddenly deafened realizes his loss and becomes resentful, morose and suspicious. Games are played, and because the child is deaf, it is thought that he cannot take part. Jealousy and rebellion result, and the child will resort to any ruse to attract attention by cries and signs that his parents many times cannot understand. Such conduct has often led people to believe that the deaf were mentally defective.

The child deaf from birth is the most handicapped type of deaf person, for he has absolutely no perception of tone or sound, and is thereby deprived of one of the strongest stimuli to mental growth and development, namely, the spoken word. If the child born deaf is deprived of all training in language until he is well past the pre-school age, his years of complete isolation from the world brand him as dumb, stupid, queer and timid. During these years he tends to become more stubborn, seclusive and introverted. There grows up in the child such a complete dependence upon others that he refuses to assume any responsibility whatsoever, moral, mental, or physical. If he is caught in a wrong or sinful act, he will make it known that somebody else made him do it. When he does not learn his assignments, he offers his deafness as an excuse. If he is expected to do a bit of work or play a game,

his deafness is offered as an excuse for not participating.

When a child is trained according to the Belgian Method of Demutitization, or the "Oral Method," the first effort that is made is to give the child a vocabulary of 500 words, the normal vocabulary of a first-grade child. Unlike the normal child who understands these words only when spoken, the deaf child must be taught to recognize the written word in relation to an object or an act; he must be able to write it, and he must be able to recognize it in relation to other words before it can be of any use to him. This preliminary training takes from two to three years. The sense of sight is his chief means of learning, and hence it must be trained carefully from the beginning. From a well-developed sense of sight, together with a well-trained power of concentration will come the child's later proficiency in lip reading. Placed before a mirror, with a written card spelling out a word resting before him, the child watches in the mirror the lips of the sister as she forms the word with her lips. Then with his hand to her cheek, feeling the vibration as she enunciates, he attempts to duplicate that vibration and formation of the lips. The same process is used in acquiring names of different objects by identifying vibrations and formations in reference to pictures or actions. Gradually the child masters the word, and gradually he recognizes it on the

lips of others. He is able to duplicate the word later by only watching the lips. In this way the child acquires a speaking vocabulary that enables him to think along the same lines as any normal person, and not according to disjunctive signs.

The old saying, "Seeing is believing," is literally true in regard to St. Joseph's. The day on which I came the children were rehearsing for a show. In their combination playroom and auditorium I saw young girls dancing with almost perfect precision and grace to music that they could not hear, keeping time by counting to themselves, and enjoying their dancing immensely. This was all the more interesting when I found out that a deaf child has not the sense of balance that a normal child has. Just to see them dance one would never be aware of the fact that they could not hear the music. They are taught rhythm by counting out vibrations as they feel them coming through the piano, around which they gather with their hands placed on the casing. This is what enables them to dance so gracefully in time with music.

After the children had stopped dancing, a young sister called over several tots who had been playing a little way off. She wanted me to see how well her little protégés of three and four could read lips. With a number of various toys at her feet she began to speak to a bright-eyed little girl, "Play ball."

The deaf child, laughing all the time, picked up the big rubber ball and began to bounce it. Next, "Blow the horn." The tot hesitated. She had been distracted from watching the sister's lips for a minute by the eagerness of the other youngsters to get at the toys. The sister took the little girl's hand, placed it next to her cheek and said again, "Blow the horn." Immediately the child reached for the horn and began to "toot" it for all she was worth. And so on for each child she called.

I was then taken upstairs to inspect the classrooms, where the older children were having class. As I walked into one classroom a lesson in arithmetic was in progress. After a hurried introduction to the sister in charge, the class went on while I stood by to observe. The sister read the figures aloud, while the students watched her lips closely, then turning quickly they wrote down the number, and turned back ready for the next. Sometimes they put down the wrong number, but with a little insistence they soon corrected the mistake. "Sister," I asked, "could you please have them speak something?" She turned to a lad, who, she explained, had been deaf from birth, and asked him if he remembered *Trees*. He said he did and began to recite. His speech was not normal, for being congenitally deaf he had no conception of sound, much less of pitch or inflection, yet in a monotone indistinct at times but recognizable came

the familiar words, "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree . . ." And on he went to the end. It was wonderful. Here was a deaf mute that could speak to me, and this would have been impossible had he not been specially trained in this particular method of demutization.

In their simple chapel upstairs, standing a little to the Epistle side of an exquisite liturgical altar, there is a large chart with prayers for the Mass printed on it in bold type. The children read these prayers every morning at the holy Sacrifice, forming every syllable with their lips, and as they pray they also learn. Here they fortify their young souls against the hardships that they must face in the world because of their lack of hearing. Although God has taken something precious from them, yet He makes recompense in other ways that are evi-

dent even to our human minds. Their training here develops a power of concentration and an eye for color and detail that ordinary children do not usually possess. I saw this in the beautifully executed and strikingly colored posters that the grade school children were submitting in a city-wide competition. Last year the prize was won by one of the students at St. Joseph's. Two of the girls recently graduated from St. Joseph's now rank highest in their classes in an outside high school among normal-hearing boys and girls.

Here at St. Joseph's, Catholic Action is a living, vital growth bearing a rich and bountiful harvest. Like the true spiritual mothers they are, these sisters give their lives that children may have a better life. They are the ministers of the divine Providence that still answers in His own way that silent prayer, "Lord, that I may hear."



Marxian Cocktails

I see that an English author, Peter Francis, in a new book entitled *I Worked in a Soviet Factory*, disabuses his readers of at least one idea regarding the Russia of today. He says that those who are under the impression that drunkenness went out with the Romanoffs, might be interested to learn that the "really tough type of Russians drink their vodka in a 30% alcohol strength. They put it in a half-pint tumbler, dose it well with red pepper and toss it down with one gulp." The simple life! A good dash of kerosene in that, and what a cocktail! I can see now why some people consider beer to be a teetotal beverage.

The Sifter in *Zealandia* (1 June '39).

Off for the Elephant Hunt

By PAUL SCHEBESTA, S.V.D.

Little men, big animal

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

The night before an elephant hunt all the women of the camp perform a magic dance during which they spout water from their mouths—a rite believed to bring luck to the hunters. Early next day a great calm reigns in the pygmy village. The hunters eat hurriedly, take a meager supply of provisions (chiefly bananas), seize their spears, and disappear into the forest searching for a fresh elephant track. When the track is found they daub themselves with the dung of the elephant lest any human odors should disclose their presence to the elephant, which, we know, is keen of scent.

The advance now goes on cautiously. Perhaps the monster is resting in the shade of some tree. Having sighted it, one of the hunters approaches stealthily, and lifting his spear with both hands, hurls it against the knee of one of the animal's hind legs, and instantly retreats into the thicket. Maddened with pain, the elephant lets out a terrific trumpet-like roar and dashes headlong after the hunter. But at this moment a second hunter rushes up to the infuriated animal and thrusts his spear into the other hind leg. The hardest part of the hunt is now over. Soon the elephant collapses, the sinews of his legs having been severed. With the ut-

most caution the pygmies now come close, amputate the trunk, and so accelerate the elephant's death from the loss of blood.

The hunters return home and summon the entire village—sometimes neighboring camps are invited also. Everyone rushes to the place where the elephant's carcass is huddled, and cuts a huge goblet of meat to carry back home.

Meantime a festive spirit prevails. The preparations for a feast in honor of the hunters are started. The first item on the program is the elephant dance in which the entire population of the camps takes part. The women serve the meal. Only older men may eat of the trunk of the elephant; younger people and women may not even taste of it. The hair from the tail is given to the hunters, who value it with a devotion nothing short of superstition.

One day I appropriated a few of these hairs which I found in a hut. This scientific thievery of mine gave rise to long and heated discussion. For the hunters believe that woe will surely befall the hunter who lightly parts with such hair, since he runs the risk of being crushed to death by an elephant at the next hunt.

**St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill.* July, 1939.

From this hair the pygmies prepare some sort of medicine. First they burn the hair, afterwards rubbing the ashes into their skin immediately above their heart and stomach. This is supposed to be an effective charm against accidents during the hunt. Never is it permitted to preserve these hairs until the next hunting expedition is on hand; for the hunted elephant would avenge the death of his brother by killing the hunters.

Elephant hunting is far more dangerous than appears at first glance. Despite the hunters' skill accidents frequently occur. Many a pygmy has been crushed to death beneath the wounded elephant's feet. Many such tales go the rounds among the Bambuti camps. No wonder that the natives try to protect themselves against such mishaps through superstitious amulets and charms.

An extraordinary incident occurred years ago in a village near the Ituri River. I heard the tale from a missionary who had given first aid to the injured Bambuti. Two men of the tribe had taken their spears and gone out to hunt elephants. They succeeded in wounding one animal which fled across hill and dale, until suddenly it turned about and showed a fighting spirit. One of the hunters thought the situation too dangerous and counseled retreat. The other was unyielding and rejected the counsel of retreat. For a while he kept the beast at bay, but as

he launched his spear against the animal's leg, he missed his aim and stumbled and fell right in the path of the elephant. In a flash the elephant was on him, seeking to gore the tiny figure with his enormous tusks. In this harrowing predicament, the Bambuti did not lose his presence of mind but clung to one of the tusks mightily. The elephant tossed his light burden to and fro until finally he threw him with a sudden jerk into the air. The pygmy landed in the branches of a tree, but in the fall his abdomen was ripped open. The pygmy's courage was undaunted. He waited patiently until the elephant had gone off, and came down the tree as best he could, meanwhile pressing back with his hands the entrails which were extruding from his torn abdomen.

He dragged himself to the nearest village, where fortunately a Catholic missionary was staying. The missionary stitched up the wound with ordinary thread, and bandaged it with paper since there was no other form of bandage available. Ten days later the pygmy was on his feet again! Yet it appeared to him and to others that the healing process had been rather slow.

Modern man does not often display their hardihood. Take the elephant hunt, for instance. Would you like to face on foot a savage monster of the jungle with a five-foot pole with a sharp piece of metal at the end? Or would you not rather prefer just to read about it?

The Jews

By GERALD VANN, O.P.

Condensed from *Blackfriars**

To Abraham and his seed

One of the most terrifying of contemporary phenomena is the emergence of virulent anti-semitism within the Church. Evil has always been active in the Church; but it has taken the form of lust, avarice, ambition, pride. This is something far worse. The essence of Christianity is love, and understanding based on love. The essence of anti-semitism is hatred, and stupidity based on hatred. I was shown recently some leaflets written, according to their own testimony, by a Catholic, and urging Catholics to unite against the Jews and their threat of world domination. They made painful reading because of their extraordinary vulgarity. But they were terrifying because of the sheer violence of hatred they revealed. One felt that one was looking at the naked face of evil. Suppose that the author of these leaflets were right in his contention that world Jewry is plotting to dominate the world, to destroy Christendom; there could still be no excuse for tearing the Christian faith to shreds in a way that no outside force, Jewish or otherwise, could ever begin to do. To disseminate this poison in the name of Christ is a betrayal that is only possible to a Christian. But in face of such a betrayal, all calamities to the Church from without are negligible.

If there is indeed a danger that such a poisoning of the very pith of Christianity may spread in the Church, then surely we should be on our guard as we have never been before. It is absolutely necessary for us to be clear about the Jewish problem, not only in our hearts, but in our minds; so that we may see the truth of the matter, be strong ourselves against evil propaganda, and perhaps help others to be strong against it, too.

The Jewish problem is indeed a problem. It can certainly be an economic problem; it may be a political problem; it might conceivably be a racial problem. But we shall surely deceive ourselves if we imagine that economics or politics or any racial necessity is the cause of the persecution which is going on today. The thing is deeper than that. But propaganda never deals with profundities; of its nature it appeals to the superficial, which can easily be made plausible. These things, then, must be considered. There is an element of truth in every error. We are wise to sift the element of truth from the mass of falsehood. But also, the propaganda, stupid though it so often is—and the tragic thing in the world is precisely the terrible efficiency of stupidity when it is based on hatred—must

*Oxford, England. June, 1939.

be met, exposed, denounced, if the deeper truths are not to be lost in the din of falsehood.

We are in the hands of Jewish finance: therefore there must be a universal pogrom; that is one of the most popular lines of argument. And it can be made to appear cogent. An imposing list of statistics can be brought forward, accurate and true, to show that industry after industry is in Jewish hands. What does that prove; and what line of action does it suggest? In the first place, it is quite obvious that to say that an industry is in the hands of Jews means that it is in the hands of certain particular Jews. It is quite obvious that if the money power is a Jewish money power it is certainly not a power vested in the unfortunate thousands who have been hounded from their homes and robbed of their substance. If the premise is valid, the conclusion drawn from it is obviously puerile. It is also diabolic. It is as puerile as saying: A man in a green tie has robbed me, so I shall murder all men in green ties. It is as diabolic as saying: This citizen has wronged us, so we shall exterminate the entire city.

But secondly, whose fault is it that we are thus in the hands of some Jews? The point has been admirably dealt with by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his *The Jews—Are They Human?* which indeed provides a valuable examination of all these slick stupidities. The system is ours; we are responsible

for it. If others like to make use of it, and prove themselves more capable at it than we, who can blame them? Our obvious duty is to remedy the system, not to exterminate some of those who make use of the system; for, if we should exterminate the Jewish money masters, we should simply find our servitude continued under Gentile masters; and it may be questioned whether our lot would be in the slightest degree ameliorated.

But again, it is not only the international money power that is regarded as sufficient pretext for a pogrom. The Jews, it is argued, have established a stranglehold on economic life in this country and that; so that it is impossible for the national, the patriot, to win his due place in the sun. What is of more ultimate importance is this: that if it be true that the presence of Jews creates a problem, it must be regarded, rationally, as a problem, not irrationally as a pretext. The essence of a problem is that it requires a solution. Hatred solves nothing, because it breeds chaos; pogroms solve no problem; they create problems, temporal and eternal.

But these and similar arguments on the part of the propagandists have been dealt with by Mr. Wyndham Lewis and others. The racist argument, in particular, has been dealt with by the Holy See. Our main concern should be for the deeper issues. The forces which we have most to fear in the

world today are the forces which are doing their best to drive us back to barbarism. Those forces are not Jewish. On the contrary, they are the deadly enemies of Jewry. For the Jew is civilized. The recognition of the existence of absolutes is in the blood of the Jew. To have faith in absolutes is to rouse the fury of the modern barbarian; for the modern barbarian is not the man who has ever found the absolute, but the man who has rejected it. Modern barbarism is not irrational; it is anti-rational. It is a deliberate return to the dark forces of instinct.

Impossible to understand the tension which threatens to divide the world into two warring camps, impossible to account for what seems to us not only treachery but senseless treachery, unless we realize that there are in the world today two fundamentally different ideas of what truth is, and therefore of the meaning of justice and law and equity. On the one side is Christian tradition, with its adherence to absolutes, and its imposing structure of international law as embodying the pattern of life, of world society, dictated by those absolutes. That structure is the work of reason. On the other side is barbarism, with its rejection of absolutes, and its concept of law as simply the instinctive demands of life, knowing no criterion of means but efficiency in fulfilling those demands. That barbarism is the logical conclusion of a materialism and a relativism from

which the whole world has long been suffering, and is still suffering. The Church, for a time, was strong enough to uphold the rule of absolutes; it has long since ceased to be strong enough. We are reaping the rewards of our emancipation. But if there is one ideological struggle for which the world is preparing, and preparing at a breathless speed, it is surely that; and as always in human affairs, the bulk of the world is neither wholly in one camp nor wholly in the other, but tragically and dangerously poised between the two. Yet there is little doubt to which side the Jewish people, as such, belongs. It is not an adherence to absolutes with the lips or the brain that rouses the fury of barbarism so much; it is adherence with the heart. The hatred of the Jew is inspired, ultimately, by the fact that he bears witness to the absolute in a world which hates the absolute.

And it is that same religious tenacity, which sets them in such radical opposition to barbarism, which should bring them so close to the Christian. There are bonds between us which cannot be broken. To them we owe the preservation of those books of the Old Law which are an essential part of God's revelation. To them we owe much of our liturgy, our religious poetry, our philosophy, the very idiom in which as Christians we enshrine our thought. More than that, to them we owe, humanly speaking, the birth of the Re-

deemer; the promise was made to Abraham and to his seed. There is the story of the priest who announced from the pulpit that in view of recent regulations all Jews must leave the church; and a figure crept down from the cross and went out with the rest.

There are Jews, as there are Gentiles in plenty, who have renounced God. But there are Jews who worship God with a tenacity and a rectitude and a fervour which must shame us who like to think of ourselves as the children of light. We need, badly, that intense realization of the absolute which the centuries have bred into their bones. For

Christians have not been, like them, an outcast race for century after century.

It is not for us, as Christians to vilify those who persecute the Jews. On the contrary, it is for us to do all that we can to solve the problem where the problem exists. But above all it is our duty to see our relationship to Israel clearly and fully. Sentiment, however sincere, is not enough. The Jews killed our Lord, and He forgave them because they knew not what they did. If we Christians are to kill, or to urge others to kill, the Jews in the name of Christ, will He say that same thing of us?



Think You Have Trouble?

Anton Kertesz, a Hungarian farmer, wishing to better his lot as a farmer, had taken up beekeeping. His bees did not produce according to expectations, however, and he was advised to submit them to the Department of Agriculture in Budapest for a test. Anton put two swarms of bees into brown milk jugs, tied the tops with brown paper, entered a compartment of a train for the capital and placed the bees under the seat.

Before long, the bees managed to get through the paper covers of the milk jugs and began to climb up Anton's leg inside his trousers. There happened to be two lady passengers in the compartment, and, sorely distraught, Anton begged them to leave. Alarmed by the wild stare in his eyes, the ladies left and made known their misgivings to other passengers and the conductor.

When he was alone in the compartment, Anton removed his trousers and began shaking them out the window. At the moment an express roared by on the other track and took with it Anton's trousers.

The conductor peeked into the compartment shortly thereafter, and seeing Anton trouserless, withdrew quickly and locked the door. When the station was reached, two burly strangers entered the compartment and told Anton they were tailors ready to measure him for that which he sorely needed. Outside they tried to place him on a stretcher, and when he frantically resisted, produced a strait jacket. It took him three days to prove he was not crazy.

The Liguorian (July '39).

Culture . . . 10c a Pound

By EDWARD O'NEILL

Condensed from *Brown's Nutmeg**

How they sell books

I have been discovered by a sucker list scout and now find myself receiving mail enough to keep the postmaster at East Greenville (Pa.) on a full-day schedule. Mine, however, is no ordinary sucker list for, to read my mail, I am one of the few chosen for their appreciation of literary merit. Periodically prospectuses flood my desk and fill my waste basket, so far without turning me into a paying patron of the arts. A long yellow envelope that landed on my desk the other day, however, may well change the course of my literary life.

I found that I had been singled out by Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kan., U. S. A., to drink deep of their Pierian spring of conglomerate knowledge. For as little as 5c I could choose from among 1,757 titles, "varying in number of pages from 32 to 128." Should I desire to risk a dollar I could have 20 books, some of which sell for 10 and 15c.

The length and variety of the list was frightening. Starting with No. 1, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, the catalogue ran a couple of gamuts to arrive slightly breathless at No. 1737, *What You Should Know About Alaska*. Close examination of the list showed sex, religion, and "the truth about

religion" running a blanket finish for first place among the listings. Several also-rans showed promise, particularly exposés (*How N. Y. Working Girls Live, Debunking the Myth of Calvin Coolidge*), tracts on cooking, home-making and the use of the dictionary.

It is not my intention to discount Mr. Haldeman-Julius' importance in the contemporary literary scene, but he does better as an unintentional gag writer. In startling juxtaposition I found titles 1344, 1345 and 1346: *How to Psycho-analyze Your Neighbors, Sandwiches and Box-Lunches, and Religion's Blight on American Divorce Law*.

Another folder offered me more bargains if I cared to spend a little more money. I could take advantage of a "Big Sale!" and help Haldeman-Julius clear his sunbaked warehouse shelves of their plethora of low-priced literature. As an "Extra Last-Minute Added Bargain," H-J invited me to "go through the sale announcement and pick out all the books you want. Figure out the amount of your bill—then just cut the amount in half!"

Tiring a little of Mr. Haldeman-Julius' generosity, I started to tear up the long envelope and its contents when a pale yellow slip fell to the floor.

*300 Main St., Stamford, Conn. July 8, 1939.

In big type across the top of the sheet was emblazoned "Old-Fashioned Grab-Bag! Brody Took a Chance, Will You?" Never one to leave a challenge lay, I picked up the paper and read: "Would you care to take a chance for \$1? Send me only \$1 and I will ship you 10 pounds of the best literature you ever saw. Ten pounds of varied items—fine literature worth many times the \$1 you invest. You gamble about the titles, but you don't gamble about the quantity—10 pounds of reading matter guaranteed. You can't lose. You are bound to win."

Mr. Haldeman-Julius went on to say that the only reason this sensational of-

fer was being made was that he had many items on his shelves in quantities too small to be listed in the catalogue and is using this method of getting rid of them. He's surprisingly frank about it too, for he says, "Shoot us a dollar today—and you will get the surprise of your life!"

I'm sending my dollar today. If I am too surprised with my "Grab-Bag," I'll have my revenge on Mr. Haldeman-Julius and his already overstocked shelves. With the dollar I'm sending 5c for title 1366, *How to Write Little Blue Books*. Do right by me, Mr. H-J.

(Editor's Note: Special this week, *Broun's Nutmeg*—10 pounds for \$10.)



Mussolini and the Guild

Lesson for dictator-baiters

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Condensed from the *Weekly Review**

Long before the Great War the judgment of people in this country upon European affairs was getting warped through the insufficiency of the press. But since the Great War another element, even worse than ignorance, has come in, and that is unrestrained and shameless advocacy. Instead of telling the cultivated public (which ultimately makes opinion) facts which it should know about our rivals

and potential enemies and doubtful friends, it gives us nothing but what has come to be called "propaganda." This has been particularly the case in the last few years with regard to Italian affairs.

The real position of Mussolini, by far the most able statesman in Europe and the one who has met the greatest odds with the greatest skill, is not only misrepresented, but hardly interpreted

* 9 Essex St., Strand, London, W.C.2, England. June 15, 1939.

at all. The Fascist experiment was undertaken by this great man in order to save his country. It was a recourse to that absolute centralized form of government, a dictatorship, which all through the ages has been adopted as a matter of necessity for such exceptional conditions. No one who saw Italy as I did, pretty thoroughly, from North to South, in the interval between the Armistice and the March on Rome, can have two opinions upon the need and success of the exceptional measures which saved the state and, incidentally, saved the old heart of civilization from breaking up under the vile Communist infiltration proceeding from Moscow.

Whether the experiment were legitimate, whether, if legitimate, it were too violent or were continued for too long a period, may be discussed separately; but the thing to emphasize in connection with it is one thing of which our press never talks. Mussolini created for the first time within living memory a guild system. Mussolini revived and re-established that old, practical conception of the guild by which alone our present industrial chaos can be cured, and the threat of dissolution hanging over our whole society warded off.

The arguments for the guild are perfectly simple and perfectly clear. Christian society was organized, so long as that society remained healthy, on a cooperative basis. The family and the state enjoyed economic freedom

through the only institution which can give such freedom, private property. To prevent private property corrupting into monopoly, the eating of the small man by the great and the destruction of the freedom of the will in economic action, the owners banded themselves together by occupations or crafts. These organizations, known in countries where the language was of Latin origin as "corporations," were known in England as guilds. Village communities which produced nearly all the raw material and all the food necessary for the existence of our fathers were not called guilds, but in practice they were guilds. They had their customary trade rules to restrain competition; they possessed vigorously enforced local customs, chartered, and therefore having force of law, which maintained the small man against the great. In the towns, the artisan crafts were organized openly as guilds.

The system decayed at the end of the Middle Ages with the break-up of religion, with the growth of foreign trade, with usury and all the rest of it; but it lingered on and vestiges of it remained even into the 18th century. It is, or should be, self-evident that unless competition is restricted, unless competent rules for the preservation of small property be enforced, large property will eat up small property, first of all slowly, at last rapidly, until the mass of the population is destitute, owning neither its houses nor its land

nor its own implements of production. Social usage had already thus changed for very much the worse when there came the new machinery, with new sciences and with new means of transport. The new machines found a large destitute proletariat already existing, and the new implements of production became the property, as the land had long since become, of a class small compared with the mass of the people. The mass of the people were thus enslaved to the owners of the machines and land. At the same time the human bond between the man compelled to labor and the man who profited by his labor was dissolved. The only remedy was to restore the old corporative system. This, Mussolini was the first in Europe to do. It is this original act which is the chief claim of Mussolini to the gratitude of posterity—and no one here is allowed to hear about it!

The experiment has not proceeded to its conclusion. It has been hampered in many ways. It is still imperfect. But its beginnings have been established; the restrictions which it imposes on capitalism—or rather, the war which

it makes on capitalism—are evident enough to the former capitalist and to the former proletariat as well.

If the corporate state can be fully developed and wisely used, it will restore human conditions, the family, and economic freedom. In the alternative, men can only have recourse to the short cut of Communism, the end of which is slavery.

What an admirable thing the corporate idea can be, all those who have studied the work of Salazar in Portugal know well. But the conditions in Portugal were far simpler than those of Italy. The country was smaller, the threat from abroad was insignificant. The corporate idea has been copied in Germany since Mussolini set the example, but badly copied. In its present stage we have, among the larger countries, Italy for a model of it; only an embryo model, it is true, but one capable of developing into a contented economic society.

This, rather than the excess of highly centralized control, is what we ought to associate with the name of Mussolini.



Saved

Authorities wantonly stormed through the editorial offices of the *Irish Echo* in New York City at the time of the visit of the British King and Queen. Their purpose, they said, was to discover "explosives and seditious literature." Quipped the *Echo*, "We had two subversive and seditious documents, but we hid them under a pile of old newspapers; they were the Declaration of Independence and the U. S. Constitution."

Social Justice (3 July '39).

The Perfect Book

By JEROME McMULLEN, O.P.

Like men, hard to find

Condensed from *Dominicana**

In what does the perfect book consist? Some men seek books with an intellectual yearning for truth. Erasmus, although in want and need, spent what little money he could secure on books; then, if any remained, he purchased the material necessities of life. When the number of human friends had dwindled and sight had failed his eyes, Southey continued to live with his friends on the library shelves. The scholarly Erasmus found intellectual delights in the dictionary and encyclopedia, but the warm blood of Southey flowed away from such technical books. The ordinary book had for Southey, as it has for most men, an appeal not only to the mind but also to the heart. It is upon this dual appeal that the perfection of books is based.

What should first recommend a book to us is the author's thought. A book does not necessarily need to be new and sheeny in its appearance. It does not have to bear the signature of a great author or hail from a renowned and well accredited publishing house, or carry a preface by an eminent personage. The first appraisal of a book coming to our notice rests on something more fundamental; namely, the author's thought and that alone.

The ordinary book, as a book, will

be perfect if it exemplifies a harmony between the means of printing and the thought printed, in order that a single impression be made in the mind of the reader. Analogously, we might say that a beefsteak dinner, as a dinner, will be perfect if it is served upon beautifully decorated plates resting on fine linen with a liberal supply of artistic silver. Just as the relish of the beefsteak is enhanced by the surroundings in which it is served, so the import of the author's ideas is attained with greater clarity when the publisher, through the proper application of his equipment to the author's work, produces a volume which renders a singleness of impression to its reader. Neither the texture of the paper, the gracefulness of the type, nor any other mechanical means should at first attract attention; but only subconsciously should this beauty of gracefulness bring more fully before the reader the writer's sentiments.

The most fundamental of the mechanical means is type. The selection of the face of type to portray the thought content is of such importance that it demands the skill of a master. This selection with the mind's eye which chooses Bodoni, Clarendon, Didot or any other style of type to be

* 487 Michigan Ave. N. E., Washington, D. C. June, 1939.

the most apt interpreter of the copy, requires years of experience on the part of the printer.

William Morris, although he invented the chair which bears his name, designed wallpaper, promoted social theories, was also the author of poems which are responsible for some of his fame; yet his keenest aspiration was to be a renowned publisher. In this he did not fail. In the printing of the Kelmscott edition of Chaucer, which took four years and to complete which he refused the poet laureateship of England, we have an excellent example of the harmony that should exist between the thought of the material and the face of type in which it is printed. The Gothic face of the Kelmscott Chaucer immediately indicates the beauty of the poetry which it conveys. Were we to find doggerel in these elevated characters, how readily would we exclaim that the beggar had donned the king's pelisse.

Nor is it sufficient merely to select a style of type. The publisher must be able to choose not only the face but also the size which is most fitting. An example apropos would be the length that *Gone With The Wind* would assume, if the publisher, failing to recognize the repelling effect upon the public of a two or three-volume novel, had executed that already long work in 12-point type, the size ordinarily used in prayer books for the poor-sighted.

So far only type, its face and size

have been considered in reference to the support printing lends to the author's message. What about the decoration, which also aids in the production of the perfect book?

When the Vandals of the North had sacked Rome and had begun to extinguish the last flames of learning that still burned in Mediterranean Africa, the Celtic monk, Aidan, began to rekindle the scholarship of the world from the unquenched fires of his native green isle. After converting to Christianity the population of Northumbria, Aidan founded the Abbey of Lindisfarne. Here, with his fellow monks, he produced some of the finest manuscript texts seen up to his day. It is from the works of this Abbey that we draw an outstanding example of decoration, *The Lindisfarne Gospels*. This manuscript aptly illustrates the interrelation between decoration and the author's purpose. The initial page of this volume, which is reproduced in colors in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, is 12½ by 10 inches and the entire length of the page is employed in printing the letter *I*. More than the whole left-hand top quarter is devoted to completing the first word with the letter *n* and capitalizing the second word *principio*.

Eleven words constitute the entire first page of the Gospel according to Saint John. Shall we say that the monks were prodigal when the first two words alone have served as sub-

ject matter for lengthy discussions by exegetes; when the true importance of the opening passage, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," is understood to have such profound and fundamental meaning? The time consumed and the talent exercised on the first page give to the reader an extrinsic aid to fathoming its relative importance. This page has been aptly described as "made up of interlaced ribbons, interlaced and entangled zoomorphic creatures, intricate knots, spirals, zigzag ornaments and delicate interwoven patterns, together with all kinds of designs worked out in red dots." But the artists, who arouse pictorially their readers' interest not only in the gravity of the idea itself but likewise in the majesty of its Author, were spiritual men, learned monks, servants who consecrated their lives to divine labor.

For a moment, let us examine the Psalter's first page in the Gillet edition of the Dominican Breviary. David, the royal author of many holy songs, kneeling with psaltery in hand, appears to be singing those glorious words printed on the scroll which, like a ribbon fallen to the ground, gracefully intertwines itself to form the background of this decoration. "Incline unto my aid, O God. O Lord, make haste to help me. Glory be to the Father. . . ." This is exactly the proem to David's psalter;

for thus chants the friar before commencing Matins, which on Sunday is the beginning of the weekly recitation of the Psalms. How apt the decoration, both reminding the reader of David's instrumental authorship and picturing the reverence, the solemnity of that regal person in his own praising of the Godhead.

Can the perfect book be found? Just as the philosopher must hunt his metaphysical definitions, exactly as Pierre and Marie Curie ferretted radium for years, so also must the seeker of the perfect book hunt long and ferret anxiously. As a stimulant to his courage he is to remember that there are some few perfect books. They are to be judged first by the truth that they tell, and secondly by the manner in which everything about them aids the readers in compassing that truth. To come across these books is to realize to the full the eulogy of Bishop Spalding in his delightful essay on *Books*. "They are opportunities for spiritual growth. In them we discover not gold and precious stones, but ourselves lifted into the light and warmth of all that man knows and God has revealed. To read the best books it is not enough to be attentive. We must linger in meditation over their pages, as in studying a work of art or a beautiful landscape we love to stand before it, that so, if possible, we may drink its life and spirit."

Small-Town Los Angeles

A man has some fun

By WILLARD F. MOTLEY

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

Los Angeles is an overgrown small town that awakened one morning to find itself America's fifth largest city. It is the ambition of every citizen of L. A. to have a palm tree in his front yard and two citrus trees in his back yard. Add an atrocious glorified-barn structure called a house, stuccoed and whitewashed and weighted down by red or green tiles, and the "native son" is a happy child in a God-ordained, man-made paradise.

One fine day I awoke to find myself in this California created Eden. One of the first sights I saw was four neat, pretty high school girls sitting in a row on the cross seat of a city street car. They were a blonde, a Mexican girl, a colored girl and a Japanese girl. That was a very exact picture of Los Angeles.

I stayed in the neighborhood of 103 Street—in a stuccoed nightmare: four walls, a semi-flat roof (tiled, of course), a ridiculous two-by-four alcove-porch, gaudy awnings. There *was* a palm in front and, to show our affluence, *three* citrus trees in back.

In common with every new arrival in California I had admired these architectural claptraps for their novel and picturesque appearance. Then, on closer inspection of their everlasting

monotonous parade of sameness, their attractiveness suddenly disappeared leaving only the vague cynicism that most women and some effeminate young men would apply to them the hateful word "cute."

Each is like its brother; even the slight variations in architecture are lost. Their tiny compactness is repulsive. Their interiors are too small for comfort. Things are always too close together and are forever getting tangled up in your legs or feet. There are no basements in which to pile junk; no attics in which to stow away trunks and family albums; no second floors on which to isolate unwelcome relatives.

The eternal orange juice was presented at breakfast every morning I was in L. A. Avocados were stuffed down my throat. At every opportunity the Los Angeles inmate bragged about the weather. To get away from the phonograph record that walks like a man I strolled out into the street to watch the city admire itself.

It was true! It was true! The weather was perfect. Under a monotonous mantle of blue, relieved by not even an amateur cloud, I walked. Every day was like the day before and there was no hope that there would ever be

bad weather in this sun-kissed land.

Then one day we did have some of that "unusual" weather. It rained. Oh, how it rained!

I laughed in glee. I turned hand-springs and brought down a fine array of fiesta pottery around my head. I tweaked the poor Angeleno by his blushing ears and went out into the streets to slop happily through rain puddles.

Earthquakes are minor tragedies in California. Rain is the great catastrophe. But once the rain sets in and really becomes a downpour the "native sons" treat it as a great adventure. What children they are when it rains! First they lose face and sulk. Then they laugh and exclaim over it and pretend it is as great a novelty as snow in Africa would be. They hold out their hands to it. They lift their faces to it. And if they have an out-of-state visitor, they make a retort something like, "You should feel at home now that we are having unusual weather."

The Toonerville trolley a la Los Angeles affords no end of amusement and it is aboard the street cars that you encounter the real small-town L. A. in its most striking sense. There are two systems, the city cars and the big red cars that bring passengers in from the environs. The former are the most antiquated looking I've ever seen in any fair-sized city. They are as big as box-cars, about as wieldy and sound like old-time steam rollers. Father

Junipero Serra, Padre of California, must surely have climbed aboard the same cars.

No one seems to know when, where or why they run. Placards bearing street names would be too simple. There is instead some mysterious alphabetical system which I was never able to decipher. V cars and O cars and D cars. Just the letter painted on front. A ride is always an adventure and one's destination is known only by the native-born.

On a Los Angeles street car the passengers are all one big family. This is particularly noticeable on the red cars. The conductor, who often doesn't even bother to wear his uniform, is a blend of official greeter, fare collector and friend. Of course a schedule exists but it is impolite to be too aware of one. Instead, it seems that the motor-man waits for a fairly full house before starting off. And he knows all his customers. If a passenger oversleeps or drinks a second cup of coffee, you read your morning paper until he arrives.

The conductor on one of the morning cars I rode was a veritable Don Juan. He said hello to most of the women and surely to all of the pretty ones. He asked about their health and, between stops, showered his abundant personality upon two in particular. The blonde had arrived first and with this coquette he held frequent whispered conversations. But when the second lady boarded the car, she com-

pletely usurped our gallant conductor.

He had a unique system that helped him spend more time with his lady friends. The transfers were lined up in a row on one of the seats and we all helped ourselves. To a passenger he commented: "See, I have them trained."

For variety I often took the bus at 103 Street. We generally had the same driver. He was on the same free and easy terms with his passengers. But he was a little less polite. Once I heard him say to a fare, "Where do you want to get off, guy—not you—the other guy."

One morning the city line got into a bit of a jam and I had to pull it out. I was riding the cross-town V car. A hit-and-run driver bumped an automobile in front of us, tore out its rear end and straddled it across both sets of street car tracks. Before a Californian can say, "How do you like our climate?" we were in a minor traffic tie-up. Surface cars going in both directions were soon five and six deep.

The boys from the company and some bystanders tried unsuccessfully to push the automobile off the tracks. More gathered. Seven in company uniforms and four in "civies" by actual count.

They pushed and pulled. Then they tugged and jerked. Finally they paused and rubbed reflective hands across puzzled chins while passengers, late to

work, fumed and fretted in their seats.

Necks were crammed out of the windows of cars. I crammed mine out, too. Helpful advice was given. I shouted brilliant but derisive witticisms, all uncomplimentary and directed at the company men.

Finally, leaving my lunch on the seat, I alighted and joined up with them. All they needed was a coach. Grabbing the rear bumper I yelled, trying to get the proper note of authority in my voice, "All right, grab on here and let's lift it over to the curb."

They grabbed ahold. Lifting the car easily and moving it, little by little, we trundled it to the curbing.

Meanwhile my car, no longer obstructed, started off and I had to shout wildly to the motorman and do a fast 220 to hitch aboard and find my seat and my lunch. Such is gratitude.

From all this it might be gathered that I don't like L. A. and hold it up, dressed in its jester costume, for popular amusement. Far from it. Los Angeles is in my blood. Of all the cities I have adopted for a while and called my home in my travels, the City of Angels is my favorite. Only my home town has a stronger claim on my heart. The old jest of the gay nineties was that when good Americans die they want to go to Paris. While I live I would like to live part of each year in Los Angeles. There I, too, can be a child, lie in the sun, believe God created Paradise in California.

Shuyang's Walls Are Down!

By MARK A. FALVEY, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

Moving in a hurry

In the evening as I treated the diseased leg of a little boy from the street, he whispered, "The Japanese are only 12 miles southwest. Give me some salve to take with me; I am going to the country."

Such rumors were often in the air and I paid little heed to this one. The next night we heard that people were beginning to leave the city because an army of some sort was near. On the morning of the 27th, Father Charles Simons, S.J., who had been here all week, went by bicycle to Machang, saying he'd be back in the evening. People were leaving the city in great numbers by this time and while the same exodus had occurred at least five times before since my arrival here, I began to feel that this time things might be serious. I wrote a hurried note to Father Leo McGreal, S.J., told him communications might be cut off for a time, and, if so, to decide that Shuyang had been occupied by the Japanese.

Before I set out to the post office to mail the letter and ask the postmaster what the "fuss" was about (he is the only one on whom I can depend for news, as also the only one to talk English here!), loud, sharp firing sounded to the southwest of the city. It was so near that everyone stopped dead in his

tracks and turned pale. Next a wail went up from the women and children as they gathered up their bundles to set out on their flight.

I reached the post office to find the staff making ready for a hurried departure. The postmaster told me, "I don't think they are Japanese. I am quite sure they are bandits. If so, they will not be able to enter the city before nightfall, if at all." Then he advised me to send away all the women at once and told me my life would be in danger as these bandits would respect no one.

I returned amidst scenes of bedlam and consternation. Two long lines of prisoners were marched hurriedly past me, heavily guarded. I had been approached by the mother, the wife and the child of one of them, begging me to ask for his freedom. He was a "lifer," and in such times as these his life might become a burden to his keepers. I could do nothing.

I ordered the native nuns just arrived two weeks ago from Shanghai to prepare for flight to the country, that is, to Wan-pi. They said they'd rather stay. I told them they could if I were sure Japanese were coming, but that it was almost certain that these attackers were bandits coming to pillage the city.

*257 Fourth Ave., New York City. July-August, 1939.

(The walls of the city had recently been destroyed as a military measure. This destruction left the city open to bandit attack, so the people readily believed the "bandit" rumor.)

At three o'clock (firing, remember, from ten A. M.), nasty, sharp reports, machine guns, tanks, etc. The Sisters hadn't gone yet. I had been busy moving grain from the granary to the residence and preparing for my own flight should it prove necessary. I ordered them on their way. Big shells had begun to explode in the city to the east of us. They had been blasting all morning, but now they began to swing close. We could hear them whistle and see them strike! Finally, all cleared out but two men (members of the Mission staff), four old women, the wife of the life prisoner and her son. These latter two wouldn't leave with the Sisters and the group of women and girls. They said they'd stay with me.

By 3:30, the bombardment was heavy and awfully close. Shells fell within 150 yards of the Mission. Incendiary shells dropped, starting fires close to us. I had the safety of about seven people and the guardianship of the Mission property on my hands. I had the mean task of deciding whether I should leave, and seem to be deserting my post, or stay on. They wanted to go, but would not unless I led them. The young woman's case gave me the most fear. I ordered her to leave, telling her I could not protect her. Even

after we felt sure the attackers were Japanese, she wouldn't go. She said, "I am entrusting my son to you, Father, and I am staying with my husband." Neither were baptized.

I really thought at five o'clock that we were ready for our bombardment. I made my preparation for death. The smoke of the near-by fires didn't help to calm our agitation. We feared we'd be surrounded by fire. I had been telling the group, "When Father Simons gets in from Machang one of us will go out with you." He didn't come. I felt that I should stay longer. Even if not struck by the shells, I wouldn't be able to get out in the morning to see to the Sisters' safety, as I had promised. In fact, they went only when I told them I'd follow later.

About half an hour before dark I made my decision. With four women, two men and a boy, I climbed over the high dirt mound—all that is left of the north wall of the city—and made for the nearest Christian cottage a mile and a half away. Two old women remained, though we offered to carry them. One was too frightened to talk or walk. The other didn't care if she died or not. She said, "I have no relatives to live for. If God wants me He can take me." There was hardly a living thing in the city but dogs when we left. The highway we had to cross was crowded with thousands of fleeing soldiers.

Just as darkness began to fall, firing ceased. I wanted to return. I had the

ciborium with me, filled with consecrated Hosts. One of the domestics hesitatingly offered to return with me. Then he suggested the oncoming darkness as an obstacle, and emphasized the danger from the retreating soldiers, who were robbing refugees in the way of their flight. Had I returned then, I would have reached the Mission about the same time that Father Simons got in from Machang. I might, too, have been robbed just as he was when he waited at the Mission gate to get in. About the last two Chinese soldiers to pass through the city along this street relieved Father Simons of his money and went their way. I had the sacred vessels which also would have been taken. I slept two miles out, in a Christian's cottage. In the morning I went by bicycle to Wan-pi to say Mass and bring consolation to the terrified Sisters and children.

After Mass I headed for Shuyang to see if I could get in. I learned on the way that old men and evident non-soldiers were being admitted; that the attackers had really been Japanese, and only Japanese. Some had said the previous day that a small group of Japanese were using bandits to capture the city and offering them the pillage as reward. This was not true. The bandit army was still south of us.

I came into the city to find that Father Simons had arrived in Shuyang just before dark, just after firing had ceased, and before the Japanese entered

the city. They came in at the west gate, the one near the Mission. All the fighting had been just southwest of the city. I was out on the river dike in the morning and saw the battle in progress. When big shells began to whistle over my head I decided that watching battles was among the more dangerous sports and not to be indulged in by clerics. The Chinese soldiers were in easy view. The Japanese guns sent up white smoke from among the trees about two miles away.

On arrival, the Japanese opened every door on the street, looking for soldiers. They found only a few old men and old women; in all probability, not ten men under 50. They broke a panel in the Mission gate before Father Simons opened it for them. When they saw him they knew at once this was a Catholic Mission, and asked to search, but only looked around the residence a little when Father Simons assured them there were only two old women, and his catechist and himself on the premises.

In the morning the head officer gave Father Simons signs to put up to protect the Mission from molestation; gave me a card that would give unmolested entry to the city for the Sisters and Christians who wanted to come with me. The rest of the day was spent in burying the dead (two bodies, one natural death, one violent) and in storing up grain and fuel preparatory to a possible siege of the city. The next day

we put out two big fires that would have burned a large portion of the west end of the city and possibly the Mission. These fires may have been started by Chinese enemies of the owners of the houses burned. The Japanese left the city during the night and early morning of the second day after their occupation. The city was pilfered by Japanese soldiers, but later absolutely pillaged by Chinese looters. People who owned homes feared to return, and when a few began to come they found food and even furniture stolen.

The Mission has been about the only occupied dwelling in town, save where a few old men and women held forth. People have heard of our fire-fighting, and know, too, that the Japanese treated with courtesy the armbands with the "cross and the Mission seal" stamped on them; so many are looking for *Shen-fu* (Father) to bring order and

peace out of chaos. Some are coming to live at the Mission. They look for the protection of the Church until the troubled times are over. We hope to teach the refugees a little doctrine and, incidentally, increase our protection by numbers. With the Japanese gone and the city walls in ruins, we are exposed to raids such as have been repelled for several hundred years by the walls.

True, there is nothing left in the city to take. But do the bandits know that? And do they think there is booty in the Mission? There are three Japanese quartered in the city to distribute propaganda and to see if possibly they can organize a new Government in the city. They have told Father Simons he can form an armed guard for the Mission if he wants to. Thus far, the necessity doesn't seem pressing. We don't know what the near future will bring. But God's providence is our city wall.



On Thinking

It is good exercise to try to express any opinion one holds in words of one syllable. If you say "The social utility of the indeterminate sentence is recognized by all criminologists as a part of our sociological evolution towards a more humane and scientific view of punishment," you can go on talking like that for hours with hardly a movement of the grey matter inside your skull. But if you begin "I wish Jones to go to jail and Brown to say when Jones shall come out," you will discover with a thrill of horror, that you are obliged to think. The long words are not the hard words, it is the short words that are hard. There is much more metaphysical subtlety in the word *damn* than in the word *degeneration*.

From *Orthodoxy* by G. K. Chesterton.

All Things to All Men

By JOHN T. SHUGRUE

Condensed from *Extension Magazine**

Worker in wood, stone, hearts

"So you're the new preacher 'round these here parts?" The old farmer took time enough from his chores to scrutinize the young priest with great interest.

It was one of Father Dunn's first days in Warrenville, Connecticut, and he found himself the object of many a curious glance. The majority of the populace were seeing their first priest, and their reactions were as varied as the colors of a rainbow. This farmer appeared touched with amiability. Upon his invitation, the priest took a seat near-by, and together they discussed many phases of country life.

As the minutes rounded into an hour, everyday courtesy and cordiality developed into mutual respect and admiration. Quite plainly, the old fellow was a bit astonished at the knowledge of his clerical companion. He reflected a moment. Now here was a bright young fellow.

"You know, stranger," he confided, "I like you a lot. You surprise me. I never knew Catholics knew so much."

Warrenville had made no elaborate preparations for its first resident priest. About the only consolation was the fact that there was one habitable room in the old rambling farmhouse. The floors throughout the remainder of the

house creaked most dangerously, while both the early morning sunrays and the nocturnal moonbeams found easy entrance through the roof. However, there was plenty of timber on the strip of farmland surrounding the old house, and necessity makes men resourceful. Overalls supplanted clerical robes, the ring of the ax resounded in the clear country air, and soon neat piles of cordwood arose on the rough farm land. From the sale of these, the renovation of the old house into a decent abode was made possible. With his housing problem settled, Father Dunn felt prepared to strike out wholeheartedly in his missionary endeavors.

While Father Dunn was enjoying his first night's sleep, someone entered the house and stole all of his provisions. This might have been considered humorous, had the opposition ceased here. Instead, it proved to be only the beginning. Hecklings and harassments grew more frequent and more serious. In about two years, these petty attacks developed into a definite movement of antagonism, when the Ku Klux Klan of the region began a united campaign to hasten the priest's departure to more distant realms. Their acts of terrorism will long be remembered by the Catholics of the town.

Despite the Klan, missionary work in the small village progressed quite rapidly. The Catholics were most willing to cooperate, and with their help, the priest was able to partition off part of his rectory and construct a small chapel for Sunday Mass. It was a bit more difficult to find suitable accommodations at his four mission parishes, but somehow he always managed to find a place to meet his congregations. At one mission he was forced for a time to say Mass in an old barn, much to the displeasure of many neighboring farmers who set up vigorous protests.

One common plaint among the struggling property owners of the district was directed against the extremely heavy taxation of all recently purchased lands. Father Dunn took it upon himself to examine the tax list and to call for new evaluations wherever he felt that unjust assessments had been made. With the lowering of taxes came an increase in revenue, and new hope for the farmers in their attempts to wring a living from the stubborn New England soil.

Strangely enough, the rival Klansmen were indirectly responsible for one of his stabilizing enterprises in Warrenville. One evening the priest broke all rules of etiquette by intruding on a graveyard rendezvous of the secret order. Recognizing the village store-keeper as one of the hooded members, he became indignant to realize that he and his parishioners were unconsciously

supporting such a bigot. Unable to convince the proprietor that such an affiliation was bad business practice, the priest advised all of his parishioners to cease trading with the man, and offered to satisfy their needs by a unique method, namely a cooperative store of their own.

It is not an exaggeration to say that in Father Dunn's cooperative, the people of Warrenville have found real economic salvation. The venture was a decided success from the beginning. According to the plan, all of the stock-holders in the store were members of the parish. But the organization was for the good of the entire community, and any man, regardless of race or creed, was entitled to share in its benefits.

Next year will mark the 10th anniversary of the founding of the parish cooperative: ten years of economic stability and progress over a period when business was never more uncertain.

The parish was still far too weak financially to build a church. Father Dunn saw but one alternative: to build it himself, with the aid of his people.

Plans for the edifice had been donated by an architect friend, while the engineering and excavation work had also been voluntary contributions. The real manual labor, however, was done by the priest and the people of the town. Men who had spent their lives behind a plow now took up carpentry, masonry, and painting. Where work

had to be given out, they saw to it that the needy and unemployed of the town were the first to receive the benefits. At the close of the working day, the priest spent his evenings in organizing a boys' band and giving minstrel shows for the benefit of the church fund. A wayside stand was also set up along the main highway, and all extra farm products sold in order to provide additional income. All of the work was done on a pay-as-you-go basis, and when in May, 1937, after four years of construction work, St. Philip's was ready for dedication, it was entirely free from debt. The actual cost of the church is listed at \$41,000, but this does not take into consideration the hundreds of hours of free labor, or the donations which aided in its building. St. Philip's is constructed of the native fieldstone which is so plentiful in northern Connecticut. Its interior is an excellent example of

good taste in the use of liturgical art.

Psychologists tell us that only from the actions of a man are we able in any way to catch a glimpse of his real character. Perhaps through native instinct, the poor farmers of Warrenville were in some way cognizant of this fact. At any rate, they have accepted Father Dunn as their leader, because he has proved his worth to them by his deeds. The days of bigotry have long been forgotten. Warrenville has gone far along the path of progress, because it has been willing to follow its guide. Agriculture is today a paying industry; advanced methods and modern machinery have been introduced to help conquer the soil. As for dairying, economic planning, plus a bit of modernization, has made that business profitable. Quite marked, also, have been the educational advances since the appointment of the priest to the school board.



Administration

The Church has divided the world into many parts, according to the *Annuario Pontificio* for 1939, the official yearbook just issued from Rome. These are made up of 36 archepiscopal sees, 9,355 dioceses, 50 prelatures, 292 vicariates, 136 prefectures and 19 missionary districts. Groups of dioceses are amalgamated into the 219 metropolitan sees and the 10 residential patriarchates. There are also 772 titular sees and four titular patriarchates. The orders, congregations and religious institutions number 159. During 1938, six dioceses, four vicariates and 14 prefectures were created. The Holy See now has 59 delegations in other countries, 37 of which are of a diplomatic character. At the Vatican, 37 nations are represented, 13 with ambassadors.

Political Catholicism

Reason for the crucifixion

Condensed from the *World Problem**

Our Lord was condemned on the first Good Friday for "politicalism." He was accused of setting the people against Caesar and the Romans. But in reality He was condemned for reacting against the politics of the High Priests who longed for a temporal reign of the Messiah and the temporal triumph of the Jewish people and the sacerdotal caste instead of the religious triumph of God and His Messiah. Our Lord did not share these aspirations which debased His divine mission to a simple political sphere. Hence He was condemned to death.

In 1923, when the Supreme Prosecutor of the U. S. S. R., Krylenko, at the instigation of Trotsky and Zinoviev, arrested all the clergy at Leningrad and initiated the great Moscow trials, he accused the Catholic Church of being a political, counter-revolutionary organization and this accusation was often repeated during that period.

The Soviet State had confiscated the churches, deprived the Church of its juridical personality and instituted in its place "religious societies" of the faithful, profaned the sacred vessels, desecrated holy relics, forbidden the teaching of catechism to children under 18 years of age, confiscated the parochial registers, given a decisive death-blow to Christian marriage and pro-

hibited the celebration of Mass and of religious worship in private houses. The clergy, comparing this legislation with Canon Law and finding it contrary, manifested their firm intention to disregard it and continued to teach catechism to the children, and to say Mass; they printed and distributed notices to their parishioners urging them to have these anti-religious laws repealed. The March, 1923, trial was held exclusively to determine the criminality or non-criminality of preferring the divine law to the Soviet law when this latter contradicted the former. Krylenko declared it to be a crime and condemned the accused for political, counter-revolutionary agitation.

Since that date all the Catholic priests in the Soviet (except two foreigners who enjoy special privileges) have gradually been arrested by the KRO—branch of the GPU for combating the counter-revolution—and sent to concentration camps for political counter-revolutionary activity. While the Soviet leaders were suppressing the Catholic clergy, they declared to the world that they were protecting the Russian's freedom of conscience and that this liberty would suffer no detriment while the clergy abstained from political activity.

The term, Political Catholicism,

*Via Carlo Alberto, 2, Rome, Italy. April, 1939.

passed from the Soviet into Germany. When the National-Socialist Party began to preach and later impose the teaching of a doctrine the hierarchy judged incompatible with divine revelation, they protested and warned the faithful to protect the integrity of their faith. But they had to pay the price. Priests were hunted down, tribunals published strange accounts of arrests, the national press began a campaign of defamation to which it was forbidden to answer; and all these measures were said to be taken not against religion, but against the political Catholicism of the clergy! Here, as in the U. S. S. R., whoever refused to submit to the anti-religious legislation was accused of political activity.

"Political Catholicism" has since made a tour of the world. The expression was popular in Spain and in Mexico, and has now become current in many other countries. It is on the lips of enemies of the Church, of non-practicing Catholics, and even of certain practicing Catholics who do not scruple to criticize their bishops and the Sovereign Pontiff.

"Political Catholicism" may mean that a Catholic employs the Church, her means of sanctification, her moral authority, her influence over consciences, not for a religious end but a political one. The Church's mission of saving *all* the souls redeemed by Christ gives Her a pre-eminence over all political parties, and whoever seeks

to deter the Church in her mission in order to obtain material advantages for himself, his party or his country is sacrificing religion to politics.

"Political Catholicism" may be understood in another sense: the effort of a Catholic to serve, at the same time, both his country and his religion by participating in the political life of the country in which he lives. This again may happen in several ways: for example, in Holland and Belgium there are Catholic Parties, legally recognized, whose members strive to defend in Parliament the religious liberties attacked by other parties. In France, the U. S., England, and in most countries of democratic constitutions, Catholics may adhere to various parties; while in other countries with a sole party, the Catholics join this party and share its responsibilities. Could anyone possibly reproach Catholics for this participation in the public life of their country as long as it remains in conformity with the divine laws and the laws of their respective countries? Only a particularly narrow-minded and unpatriotic person could relegate Catholics to second-class citizenship or reject their often important votes on account of their religion.

These two definitions of "Political Catholicism" do not exactly conform to the popular opinion of this term; for according to some people the priest should confine himself in the church, or at least in the sacristy; he should ad-

minister the sacraments, organize processions, celebrate the religious offices, enjoin on the faithful an absolute obedience to all laws even if these destroy man's most sacred rights. In a word, he should renounce the mission confided to him by Christ of preaching the Gospel, vindicating morality and truth and organizing the faithful in Catholic Action. If he leaves this atmosphere of incense and perfume to which they have relegated him, if in Christ's Name he defends the right and duty of forming the consciences of his faithful, if he directs their spiritual life, and if in so doing he must necessarily oppose his adversaries' idea of the Church's mission, they will immediately accuse him of Political Catholicism.

The Church, keeper of divine truth, cannot renounce her duty of teaching all men not only their individual obligations, but also their civil and social duties; and public life in as much as it is connected with morality, comes under the jurisdiction of the Church. Deny this, and we fall back into the old liberal error of the Freemason in the last century: complete separation of the Church from the State in such a way that the State holds the monopoly of public life and of teaching, and that Christians are relegated to their churches. This doctrine, if it had been enforced, would have formed the clergy into a *political*, and not a religious group. Take the clergy of any country, close them in their churches, forbid

them to speak to the faithful of their duties, and the inevitable will happen: they will offer absolute service to the political party dominating the Government and become a sort of supplementary police force, acting more elegantly and more subtly and maintaining the "people" in a religious atmosphere of peace while the "enlightened citizens"—the a-religious and often anti-religious—wield the reins of Government as they wish and gradually plunge the population into the abyss of apostasy and irreligion.

A very serious mistake of our day is to identify politics with religion. We have heard of Catholics forming opinions—or rather political passions—and trying to justify them in "choosing" from the Scriptures, theology and Pontifical encyclicals, phrases which seem to agree with their point of view. They willingly exaggerate *one aspect* of the doctrine of the Church to the detriment of the whole, and violently criticize their bishops and even the Holy See. This is the origin of the contradictory and fantastic accusations brought against the hierarchy and the Vatican. Catholics who openly contradict the hierarchy in their own country or who try to set one bishop against another, who fail in the respect and obedience due to the Holy See, are anything but the "fervent" or "eminent" Catholics they pretend to be and are gravely failing in their principal duty.

And those who make themselves

doctors of the Church, who dare to dictate—often insultingly—to the cardinals and the Pope himself what they should do and how they should govern the Church, who condemn the Catholic papers not sharing their opinions and who pretend to define the true mission of the Church, may seriously upset faltering minds and hearts but they will never move the faithful Catholics who know from their catechism that "Who hears you, hears me, who despises you, despises me."

In concluding, let us recall briefly the reasons of our Lord's death:

1. He preached obedience to Caesar, practiced it, paid his taxes faithfully, and was always a peaceful citizen.
2. He preached obedience to those "occupying the chair of Moses," that is,

the Scribes and Pharisees, but He did not share their political aspirations; he re-established with His divine authority the divine law corrupted by them; He preached the Kingdom of God.

3. He preached the spiritual "Kingdom of God" which extends beyond all frontiers and embraces all races, and at the same time He commanded His own to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," to be humble, peaceful citizens of earth.

4. He was accused of a political crime—of having stirred up the people and forbidding to pay tribute to Caesar.

Thus, in recent terminology, Jesus Christ would have been the first "political Catholic." That is why He was crucified!



Soviet Aims in the U. S.

It (the Communist Party) is under direct control of the Third International which has its headquarters in Moscow.

It looks upon Russia as the "fatherland of the revolutionary workers," and cannot claim, therefore, any degree of loyalty to the American form of government.

It seeks ultimately the overthrow of the American form of government as established by the Constitution of the U. S.

It rests upon brutal violence despite its present dishonest profession of belief in the processes of democracy.

It is boring from within the two major political parties.

It seeks to sabotage and cripple our economy on every possible front, with a view to its profiting by the resulting economic crisis.

The Sanctus Bell

By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

Condensed from the *Tablet**

Before the 12th century no bells were rung in the Mass and there was no elevation of the Sacred Host which could be seen by the people. The elevation seems to have been introduced in Paris about 1190, and the practice rapidly spread through the western Church. The raising on high of the Body of Christ was followed by a gesture of reverence and adoration on the part of the celebrant himself. But in dark churches in the early morning, or in a crowded building, it was not easy for all to see what was happening at the altar. Consequently, we learn that Cardinal Guydo Paré, who had been Abbot of Citeaux, upon coming to Cologne as papal legate about 1200, gave an order that "in the Mass, at the elevation of the Host, all the people, on a bell being sounded, should bow to earth and should remain so bowed until the chalice was consecrated."

This new showing of the Host to the people had very far-reaching consequences. The looking upon the Body of Christ became invested in the popular mind with a quasi-sacramental efficacy. This ceremony led to the exposition of the blessed Sacrament, the processions of the blessed Sacrament on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and to Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

But some abuses followed, also, and among these was one which brings us in touch with the low side windows and the sanctus bell. In their desire to see the Host uplifted, ill-instructed people came to think that attendance at Mass meant no more than being present at the moment of the elevation.

Apart from Sundays, it was regarded by many good Christians as a devout and meritorious act to witness the elevation, even if they came in only to see the Body of Christ, and went away afterwards. There is much other evidence which shows that in the larger churches devout people did go from altar to altar just for the elevation.

To suit the convenience of those who gossiped in the churchyard, a signal had to be given that the moment of the consecration was approaching. This was appropriately connected with the moment of the sanctus when the priest passed into the silence of the canon of the Mass. Opening the shutter of the low side window and putting out his hand, or at any rate, moving close to the aperture, the server rang a handbell which was more or less audible in the churchyard. In the 15th century there was a tendency to substitute for it a larger bell, which rang outside and which everyone could hear.

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4, England. Oct. 15, 1938.

Mental Flop Houses

By R. GRACE

Condensed from the *Christian Front**

The burden of Hollywood

Moving picture houses are mental flop houses. They are mental flop houses because the general run of modern motion pictures is thwarting the purpose of art, which is to enoble and perfect man.

Moving pictures are moulders of morals. The picture is viewed by people in a dark theater, whose faculties, mental and physical, and often spiritual, are relaxed. Even the crudest and most primitive of minds, which have neither the capacity nor the desire to make the efforts necessary for abstraction or deductive reasoning, are captivated by the moving picture. In place of the effort which reading or listening demands, there is the continued pleasure of a succession of concrete living pictures. This power of the moving picture to win the complete attention of the audience is greatest in the talking picture, for the reason that the interpretation becomes even easier and the charm of music is added to the action and drama.

The moving picture industry is a tremendous luxury industry. There are about 16,500 moving picture houses in America, and to these houses go 80,000,000 persons each week of the year. The industry employs 280,000 people, and produces a revenue of a billion

dollars of which \$100 million is paid back to the government as taxes. Another large part of these earnings goes to a few film executives and stars. We all know what too many of these stars do with their fabulous amounts of money. Most of them can afford a few husbands each year, and spend more on pet dogs than the average man does on his family. Certain stars have created a Hollywood society which is a scandal to the nation and a contradiction of Christian decency. Yet these are the people who make the movies for America's 20,000,000 Catholic citizens!

To hold that the movies are not for propaganda purposes is a contradiction, for every moving picture produced is a propaganda film. Even Snow White and her Seven Dwarfs spread propaganda: they propagandized for the goodness and sweetness of little Snow White as opposed to the evil and immoral acts of the old witch. Every motion picture film is a propaganda film.

The magazine *Propaganda Analysis* has shown the stock themes of Hollywood are: (1) The successful culmination of a romance will solve most of the dilemmas of the hero and heroine; (2) Catch the criminal and you solve

the crime problem; (3) War and the preparation for war are thrilling, heroic, and glamorous; (4) The good life is the acquisitive life, with its emphasis on luxury, fine houses and automobiles, evening dresses, swank, and suavity; and (5) Certain races, nationalities, or minority groups are comical, dull-witted, or possess traits that mark them as greatly different from and inferior to native white Americans.

Recall the pictures you have seen recently. With but few exceptions, you have seen houses of only the rich and wealthy; you have seen drawing rooms and glittering ladies who make a mockery of virtue; you have seen downright prostitutes held up as "clever" ladies; and you have seen lionized young men whose main duties in life consisted in golf, parties, and breaking up of marriage bonds. In a word, the stupid dream world of Hollywood is brought before the American people as the American way of life.

Have you ever seen a moving picture depicting the struggle of the laboring class for better days? Have you ever seen a moving picture crying the message that Negroes are people with souls and hopes and aspirations? More likely you have seen the poor pictured as drunken and illiterate; and you have seen Negroes only as bowing, scraping menials.

The movies portray love as a strange something that strikes a young man when he leans over the prostrate body

of a painted doll; young America discovers that "love in a cottage" is the normal way to live; young Catholics discover that "sex is no sin," seeing Hollywood put its stamp of approval on loose relations between the sexes.

That is a propaganda of the most vicious sort, because it is concealed and not recognized as such.

There are eight major moving picture producers in Hollywood. They are often the enemies of Christian culture for they are spreading a propaganda which ignores or glosses over Christian life and worship. The mental flop houses of America are weaving a cultural pattern which is more fit for pigs and horses than for reasonable creatures made in the image and likeness of God.

Good motion pictures are more than decent pictures. When the Legion of Decency started its campaign to clean up the movies, it made the first step in the right direction. But it was only the first step. Good movies are Christian movies.

Good movies can be had, and they can be just as successful as the usual Hollywood brand of mental trash. Movies can be had which stimulate the imagination and draw forth man's finest sentiments. Recently the Federal Government produced two pictures, *The River* and *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. The first deals with the problem of flood control, and the second with the dust bowl problem. *The River* is a masterful film with grim

photography and a beautiful Mississippi background of local color and music. It pictures the ravage of America's inland empire, and shows that greed caused the misery of millions of citizens.

In England, the Walsingham and the Westminster Catholic Club have produced films on Catholic subjects which compare favorably with our films. Petrus, Inc., is a corporation composed of young Catholic laymen who are producing films of retreats, boys' clubs, and the like. Many schools and churches in England are equipped with motion picture projectors, and the market for Catholic films there is growing steadily. And in France the hierarchy has been quick to appreciate the motion picture as a propaganda tool. French parish priests have been asked to set up parochial moving picture houses and a powerful Catholic film magazine is supported by French Catholics. *Monastery* and *Cloistered* were French Catholic productions. They have even gone so far as to produce *The Call*, which tells dramatically the story of the saintly Charles de Foucauld. As Henri Gheon wrote towards the close of his *Secret of Don Bosco*, "What the memory of Don Bosco really clamors for is not a book, but a film—an immensely popular film, packed with adventures, games, dreams, miracles, with fields and vineyards, sordid slums, shameful hovels, and all

the misery of soul of children abandoned to their own perversity; and over all the great pure breath of joy that came from the lungs of the little farm boy and scattered the mists."

That is a conception of the film which is a challenge to Catholic America, and it is a challenge which should have been met a decade ago.

It is being partly met in America not only by the Federal Government but by such groups as the Harmon Foundation which recently filmed the epic story of consumer co-operation in Nova Scotia as told by Bertram Fowler. Yes! They have actually made a movie of *The Lord Helps Those . . . Who Help Each Other*. It is a film of intense drama which depicts what the priests of St. Francis University did for the poor and oppressed farmers and fisherfolk of Nova Scotia.

Ah, but here we know better. We go to moving picture houses and, as the stenographer parks her gum under the chair when the boss comes into the office, so we park our minds and souls in the mental flop houses, abusing not only art but also our God-given reason. That is an abominable abuse of reason and art, and it is high time that American Catholics woke up and established their own film societies which will once and for all attack radically the problem of the movies by giving to Catholic people Catholic movies.

Catholic Books of Current Interest

McGill, Mary E. *Into a Man's World*. Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor. 137 pp. 50c paper; \$1 cloth.

In these talks to the business girl, the author encourages leadership, ambition and the defense of dignity, and self-respect.

Cronin, John F., S.S. *Economics and Society*. New York: American. 483 pp. \$2.50.

A scientific analysis of present-day problems in the light of the social encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI.

Greene, Graham. *Another Mexico*. New York: Viking. 279 pp. \$3.

The conditions in religion-suppressed Mexico as seen by an English Catholic intellectual during a recent visit.

Duscharme, Jacques. *The Delusson Family*. New York: Funk. 310 pp. \$2.50.

The reader is impressed by the peace and harmony of happy family life in this novel about French-Canadian immigrants in New England in the 1870's.

Kiely, Mary. *New Worlds to Live*. New York: Pro Parvulis. 108 pp. 50c.

The secretary of the Pro Parvulis Book Club has prepared an excellent, classified, annotated bibliography of recreational reading for the child from pre-school through high school age. A very helpful catalogue for parents and those giving reading guidance.

Duffy, T. Gavan. *The New Hope Series*. St. Louis: Convent of the Sacred Heart. \$1 each.

An excellently written collection of delightful, humorous tales of the experiences of Indian missionaries. The four books in the series are *Fantastic Uncle*, *The Blind Spot*, *The Voyager*, and *The Sower Went Out*.

Bremond, Andre, S.J. *The Making of Philosophy*. New York: Benziger. 223 pp. \$1.75.

A thoroughly delightful introduction to philosophy giving the fundamental philosophical principles from the historic cave man through Descartes. The literary style and presentation of subject matter are simple and attractive to the general reader.

Derrick, Michael. *The Portugal of Salazar*. New York: Campion. 168 pp. \$2.

A well-written summary of the political and economic progress made in Portugal, which under the dictator, Oliveira Salazar, has developed into a corporate state constructed according to Catholic teachings.

Gurian, Waldemar. *The Rise and Decline of Marxism*. London: Burns Oates. 7s. 6d.

A Catholic scholar gives us a competent impartial study of the Communist Revolution, in which he shows that anti-Communism or Fascism are mere superficial remedies for Marxism.